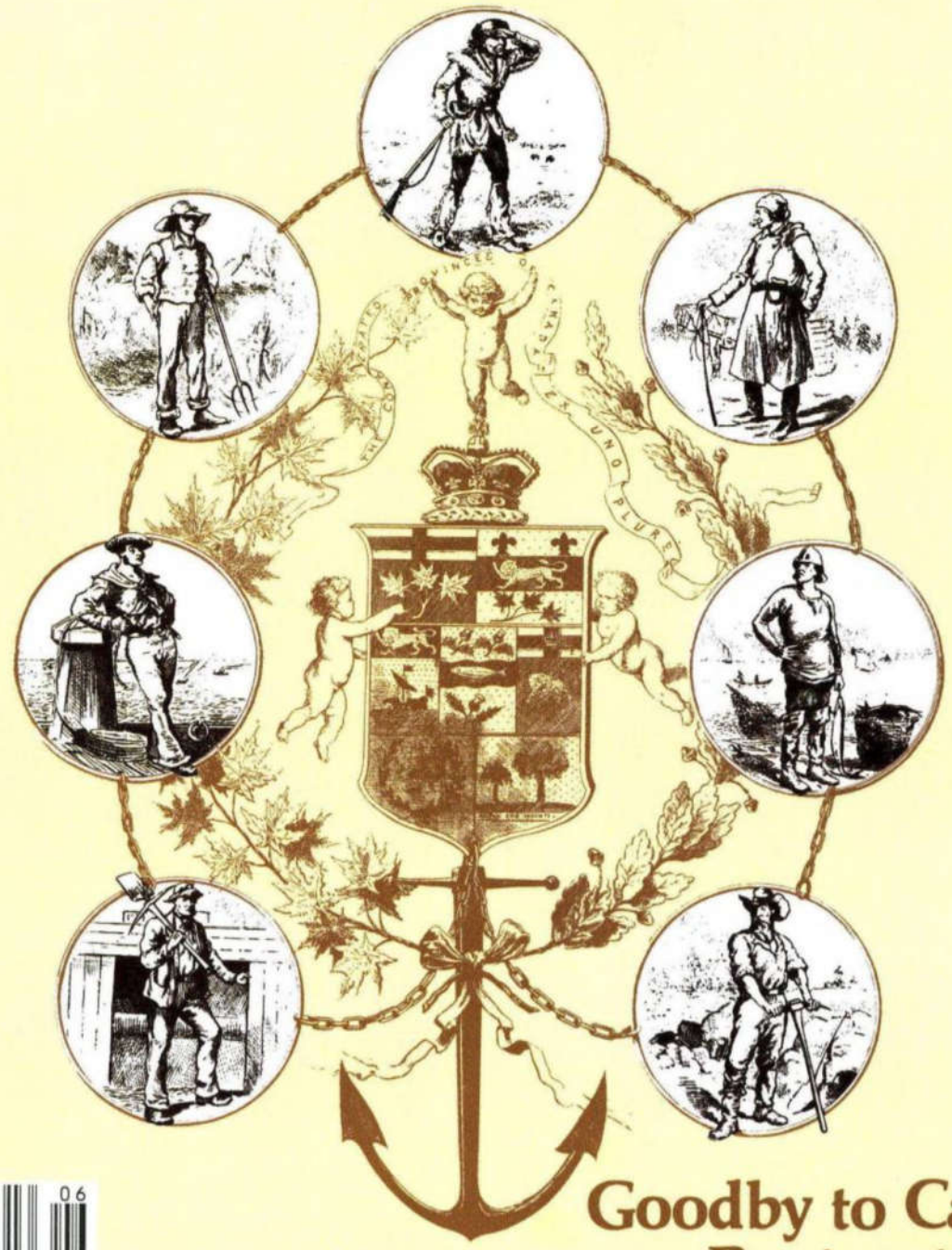
June-July, 1987/$3.50

The Beaver

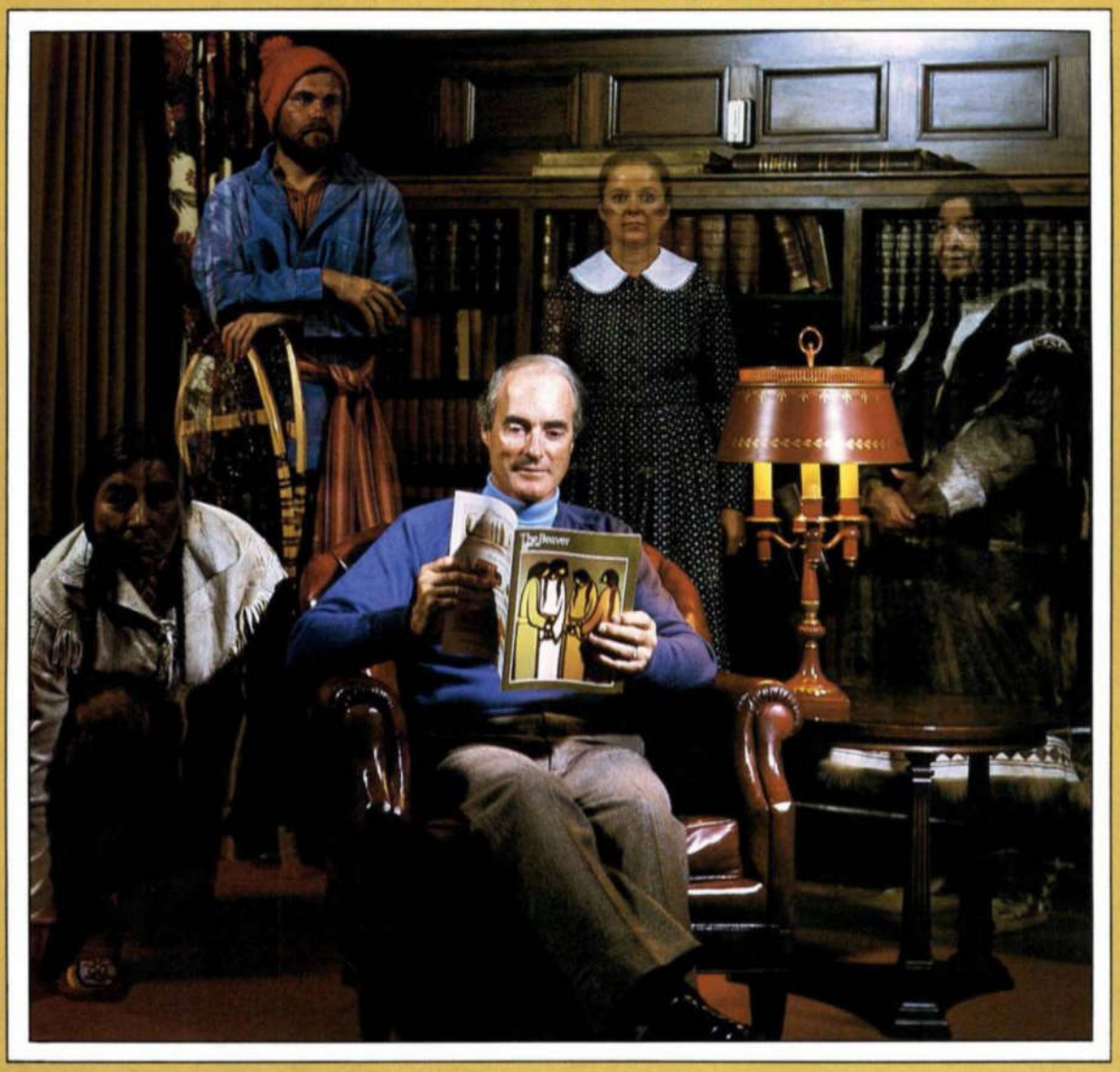
EXPLORING · CANADA'S · HISTORY



Goodby to Canada: Patriots in Exile

0 61399 70431 06

A Timeless Gift



Photographed at the Manitoba Club, Winnipeg

For the armchair adventurer
or the art lover, historian, collector . . .
or almost anyone with an interest
in the past and present
of this northern country and its people . . .

A gift that is new six times every year;
that will be preserved and enjoyed in years to come.

The Beaver

EXPLORING · CANADA'S · HISTORY

Subscription rate: $18 year for 6 issues

77 Main Street, Winnipeg, Man. R3C 2R1

The Beaver

EXPLORING · CANADA'S · HISTORY

June/July
1987
Vol. 67:3
Issued May 1987
$3.50

Editor:
Christopher Dafoe
Managing Editor:
Carol Preston

Cover:
The Great Trophy of Confederation, Canadian Illustrated News, 1877.

Advisory Board:
Shirlee A. Smith
Michael Bliss
William Nobleman
Rolph Huband

THE BEAVER: Exploring Canada's History (ISSN 0005-7517) is published bi-monthly by The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay, known as the Hudson's Bay Company, Hudson's Bay House, 77 Main Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C 2R1, Canada. (204) 934-1485.

U.S. MAILING ADDRESS: THE BEAVER Magazine, c/o H.A. & J.L. Wood, Inc., Box 329, Pembina, North Dakota 58271-0329.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION: (6 issues) $18 (Canada and United States). SINGLE COPY $3.50. OTHER COUNTRIES ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION $24.

COPYRIGHT © 1987 by Hudson's Bay Company. All rights reserved. Reproduction without written permission of the publisher is strictly forbidden. Printed in Canada.

SECOND-CLASS MAIL REGISTRATION NUMBER: 1401. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to THE BEAVER Magazine, 77 Main Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C 2R1.

U.S. SECOND-CLASS MAIL REGISTRATION NUMBER: USPS 759-610.
U.S. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to THE BEAVER Magazine, c/o H.A. & J.L. Wood, Inc., Box 329, Pembina, North Dakota 58271-0329.

Second class postage paid at Winnipeg and at additional mailing office.

While every care will be taken of manuscripts and illustrations submitted, no liability will be assumed for loss.

4 THE VANISHING CANADIAN
O Canada was his farewell gift to his home and native land.
BY CHERYL MacDONALD

11 EXILES
French Canadian patriots in the land of a thousand sorrows.
BY MAX FORAN

24 PHOTOGRAPHING THE FRONTIER
By rail and steamer for the CPR in the Great West, 1881.
BY DAVID MATTISON

37 MUSK-OX ADVENTURE
Showing the flag in Canada's northland, 1946.
BY DONALD STORR

51 SPANIARDS ON THE WEST COAST
Looking for the "Passage" in Pacific waters.
BY JOHN KENDRICK

55 BOOKS IN REVIEW

62 THE PACKET: Letters to and from the editor.

The Vanishing Canadian

Calixa Lavallée Wrote O Canada — Then Departed For The United States

BY CHERYL MacDONALD

For three days in June 1880 Quebec City overflowed with visitors. From Massachusetts and other New England States, from the towns and cities of Quebec, from New Brunswick and eastern Ontario, they had come to participate in the *Fête nationale des Canadiens-français*, a celebration of French-Canadian culture summarized in the slogans of the banners draped from the city's Parliament Buildings: *Vive le Canada* and *Notre Pays, Notre Constitution, et Nos Lois*.

Thursday 24 June, the second day of the festival, was also its high point. In honour of the feast of St-Jean-Baptiste, Quebec's patron saint, forty thousand gathered for an early morning mass on the Plains of Abraham. Afterwards, through streets specially decorated for the occasion with maple boughs, a procession of 6,000 marched to the music of 23 bands.

There was more to come. That evening, a banquet took place at the Skaters' Pavilion, attended by a comparatively small group of 500 distinguished guests, among them the Canadian Governor-General, the Marquis of Lorne, and the Quebec Lieutenant-Governor, Théodore Robitaille. Included in the entertainment was music performed by three bands, the Beauport band, the Quebec Rifles, and the Fall River, Massachusetts band. After rendering a "mosaic" of popular Canadian tunes, the combined bands struck up a new song. Electrified, the audience got to its feet.

What inspired this demonstration was a combination of patriotic fervor and emotional response to the music. This was the first time the song had been played publicly, but, to Lieutenant-Governor Robitaille and many of those present, its significance was well known. The lyrics — which were not sung apparently because of a scheduling mix-up — were the verses of Judge Adolphe Routhier's patriotic *Chant National* and the music was by the gifted composer Calixa Lavallée. The two men had produced a French Canadian anthem that, slightly more than a century later, would become the official anthem of the country.

The presence of the Marquis of Lorne at this first performance of *O Canada* was ironic, for it was outraged reaction to one of his suggestions that had provoked the composition of the song in the first place. Shortly after beginning his duties as the Governor-General, Lorne, son-in-law of Queen Victoria, decided a Canadian national anthem was needed. A talented poet, he composed appropriate verses, then asked British composer Arthur Sullivan, who was travelling through Canada, to set them to music. Although best known today for his collaboration with William S. Gilbert in operetta and as the composer of The Lost Chord, Sullivan was a serious musician, one of the most celebrated Britons of the day. And herein lay the problem. The idea of two Englishmen composing a Canadian national anthem was repellent to many, especially to French-Canadians. So, to coincide with the national festival, organizers discussed the means of producing a truly Canadian song.

Accounts of the composition of *O Canada* conflict. Calixa Lavallée's biographer stated that Judge Routhier first composed the verses, which were read by Dr. Robitaille, who asked Lavallée to set them to music. However, Routhier wrote a letter after Lavallée's death contradicting this version. Instead, he claimed, Lav-

THE FLAG

"But have we really a Canadian flag? We cannot expect our children to love and serve enthusiastically any mere abstraction. There must be a tangible reality around which their affections shall cluster." — *Erol Gervase*. Correspondence in *The Week*, Jan. 24th., 1890.

Unfurl the Flag! We fain would see
The one that bears our Maple Tree;—
Are there no eyes will glad behold
That banner from its staff unrolled?
  Canada! Dear Canada!
    Fling wide thy stainless banner!

Yes, there are eyes, all clear and bright
In youthful morning's rosy light,
Will dance with patriot joy to see
Their country's banner waving free!—
  Canada! Dear Canada!
    Give to the breeze thy banner!

O wild-wood banner! not to thee
Look eyes alone that keenly see;
But there are some that dim have grown,
Would see the flag we call our own;—
  Canada! Dear Canada!
    Hide not thy chosen banner!

The lily-flag, we deem it fair,
As any flower our fields may bear;
And with what pride yon ruddy cross
We mark on royal breezes toss!
  Canada! Loved Canada!
    Dost thou not have *thy* banner?

O Mother of the brave and free!
Deem'st this as treason unto thee?
Fear not from thine own children ill;
A nation—they are loyal still!—
  But Canada, our Canada!
    Must she not have her banner?

Sure Britain's Flag we love not less,
And Britain's Queen we all must bless;
And Britain's honour, faith and fame,
We still shall treasure here the same,
  In Canada! Dear Canada!
    Beneath our woodland banner!

Then hail the banner! Sacred be
This symbol of our Liberty!
For England's rare and radiant child,—
Her home is in our northern wild!—
  Canada! Dear Canada!
    Fling wide thy blameless banner!

ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

Public Archives of Canada C5405

Calixa Lavallée, circa 1880.

allée had insisted on composing the music first. Furthermore, there is some evidence that Lavallée and Routhier created the song before obtaining permission from the music committee of the national festival. Then to avoid giving offence, they prevailed upon the Lieutenant-Governor to make an "official" request for their services.

Whatever the order of events, the selection of Calixa Lavallée as composer was not surprising. He was one of the most talented Canadian musicians of the time, acclaimed not only at home, but in the United States and abroad.

Born in 1842 in Verchères, Quebec, Lavallée was the son of a blacksmith with musical ambitions. Around the age of eight, Calixa moved with his family to St. Hyacinthe, where he attended school. By this time, coached by his father, the boy was displaying considerable talent on the piano, violin, organ and cornet. In 1853, the choir from Notre Dame church in Montreal arrived in the town to sing at a funeral. To the surprise of choir director Lazare Arsène Barbarin, 11-year-old Lavallée was the designated accompanist. After hearing a more than competent performance on the organ, Barbarin praised the boy's talent and foretold a brilliant musical future for him.

Two years later, another musician wasn't so sure. At the insistence of Léon Derome, a wealthy butcher and patron of culture, Augustin Lavallée took his teenage son to audition for a well-known music teacher,

Arthur Sullivan, an anonymous cartoon from The Roundabout, December 1882.

The Dominion Coat of Arms

To the Editor of the Dominion Illustrated:

Sir, — Without discussing the design for the new coat of arms for the Dominion, as submitted by Mr. Lighthall in your issue of the 28th, allow me to enter a protest against the motto he has selected, "True North." One of the great objections encountered in immigration work is the idea that Canada is situated so far north as to be almost within the Arctic region, whereas, on the contrary, our latitude is the same as that of the most fertile districts of Europe. Such a motto as "True North" would do much to encourage the erroneous opinion prevailing in Europe, and would be especially inappropriate at a time when west of Lake Superior we are endeavouring to have the designation of "North West Territories" changed to that of "Western Territories".

Yours truly,
ACTON BURROWS

Winnipeg, March 31, 1891.

Professor Brauneis, who asked about the boy's training.

"He learned piano from his father," Derome told him, "but he 'learned' music on his own. The child is a genius."

Brauneis begged to differ. "He has talent, exceptional talent, but there's no need to talk of genius. Genius is very rare."

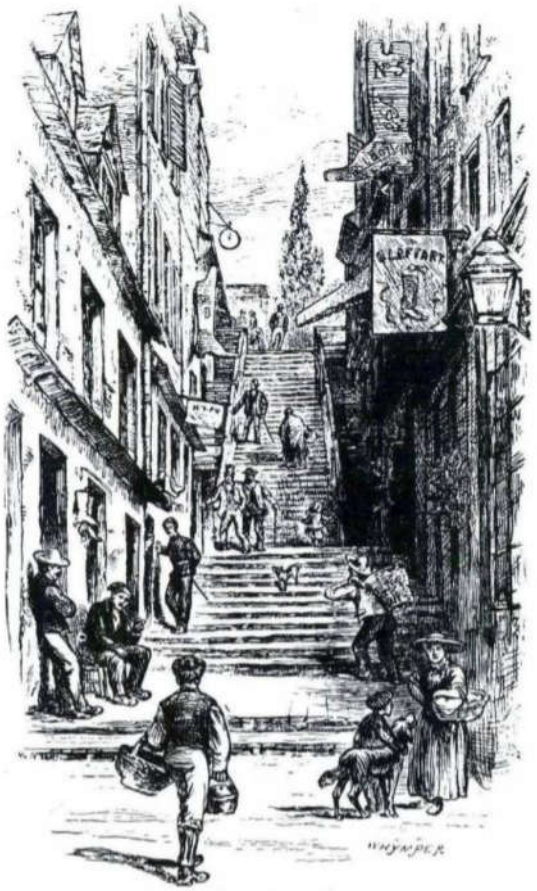
"That could be because you don't know how to recognize it!" Derome snapped. Convinced of Lavallée's promise, Derome became his guardian and patron, financing his musical studies and encouraging him in his work.

For one reason or other, the studies failed to hold Lavallée's interest. Lured by his love of theatre, and perhaps eager to earn money of his own, he abandoned Montreal for the more promising economic and cultural climate of the United States. After winning first prize in a New Orleans competition, he toured South America, the West Indies and Mexico. By 1860 he was back in a very disunited United States, which was poised on the brink of civil war. Whether he was motivated by the economic uncertainties of a musician's life, opposition to slavery, or the lust for adventure, Lavallée became one of hundreds of Canadians to join the Union army. He lied about his age, claiming he was 21 instead of 19, in order to join the Fourth Rhode Island Regiment as a "first class musician" in the fall of 1861.

His service was brief. On 17 September 1862 Lavallée's regiment was among those who took part in the battle at Antietam, Maryland. Forewarned, Confederate troops had positioned themselves on high ground, and mowed down two regiments. So much metal flew through the air that day that, years later, a local sawmill was ruined by the bullets still embedded in trees around the battle site. Thousands of Union soldiers were killed or wounded, among them Calixa Lavallée, who took a ball in the leg. The next month he was honourably discharged, and, as soon as he was able, he returned to Canada.

After a prolonged visit to his parents' home, he moved once more to Montreal where he offered music lessons from his lodgings on Dorchester Street near St. Denis. To publicize his talents, Lavallée performed at concerts, too, often without pay. During this period he met Belgian violinist Frantz Jehin-Prume. Three years older than Lavallée, Prume had also been a child prodigy, and a long-lasting friendship sprang up between the two young musicians. Sadly, friendship was not enough to keep Lavallée in Montreal. Canada's most sophisticated city was still too provincial for Lavallée's ambitions, and he went back to the United States.

The life of an itinerant musician was not easy, even for a musician as talented as Calixa Lavallée. At one point, Jehin-Prume and his bride, opera singer Rosita



Quebec City, late nineteenth century.

del Vecchio, were horrified to learn that Lavallée had appeared in blackface in a minstrel show in order to earn a living. After a brief visit to California, Lavallée settled in New Orleans for several months, teaching and performing. Once again, however, he was unable to settle down. He took to the road again, pausing long enough to fall in love with and marry Josephine Gently (or Gentilly) of Lowell, Massachusetts.

Following his marriage in 1867 Lavallée settled in Boston. Later, he moved to New York, where he became musical director of the Grand Opera House. Although the theatre featured vaudeville-style entertainment more than serious opera, his involvement with it permitted Lavallée to reach a large audience. It seemed his star was rising: in 1872, the debut of Lavallée's comic opera, *Loulou*, was announced. But, before the first performance, theatre owner James Fisk was murdered. The Grand Opera House shut down. Without a job, desperate and discouraged, Lavallée went back to Montreal once more.

Léon Derome was waiting with open arms. This time, he was determined his protegé would get the best musical education available. Benefit concerts were organized to finance Lavallée's European education. From 1873 to mid-1875, the Canadian musician studied in Paris under Marmontel, Bazin and Boieldieu fils. Although the events of this period in Lavallée's life are obscure, he is known to have continued composing. One of his works for piano, a study in E minor entitled *Le Papillon*, was added to the study list of the Paris Conservatory and underwent numerous publications in Europe and the New World.

HYMN TO CANADA

O CANADA, thy regal head
Lift higher to the skies,
Pride with humility be wed
Deep in thy tender eyes.
Stand forth to a more honoured place
Proud though thy past hath been,
Stand forth, and vindicate thy race,
Thou daughter of a Queen.

As Venus from the ocean
In living beauty sprang,
And stood without emotion
While heaven with plaudits rang,—
So thou, my own dear land, arose
Far on the western sea,
In graces all adorned, for those
Long sighing to be free.

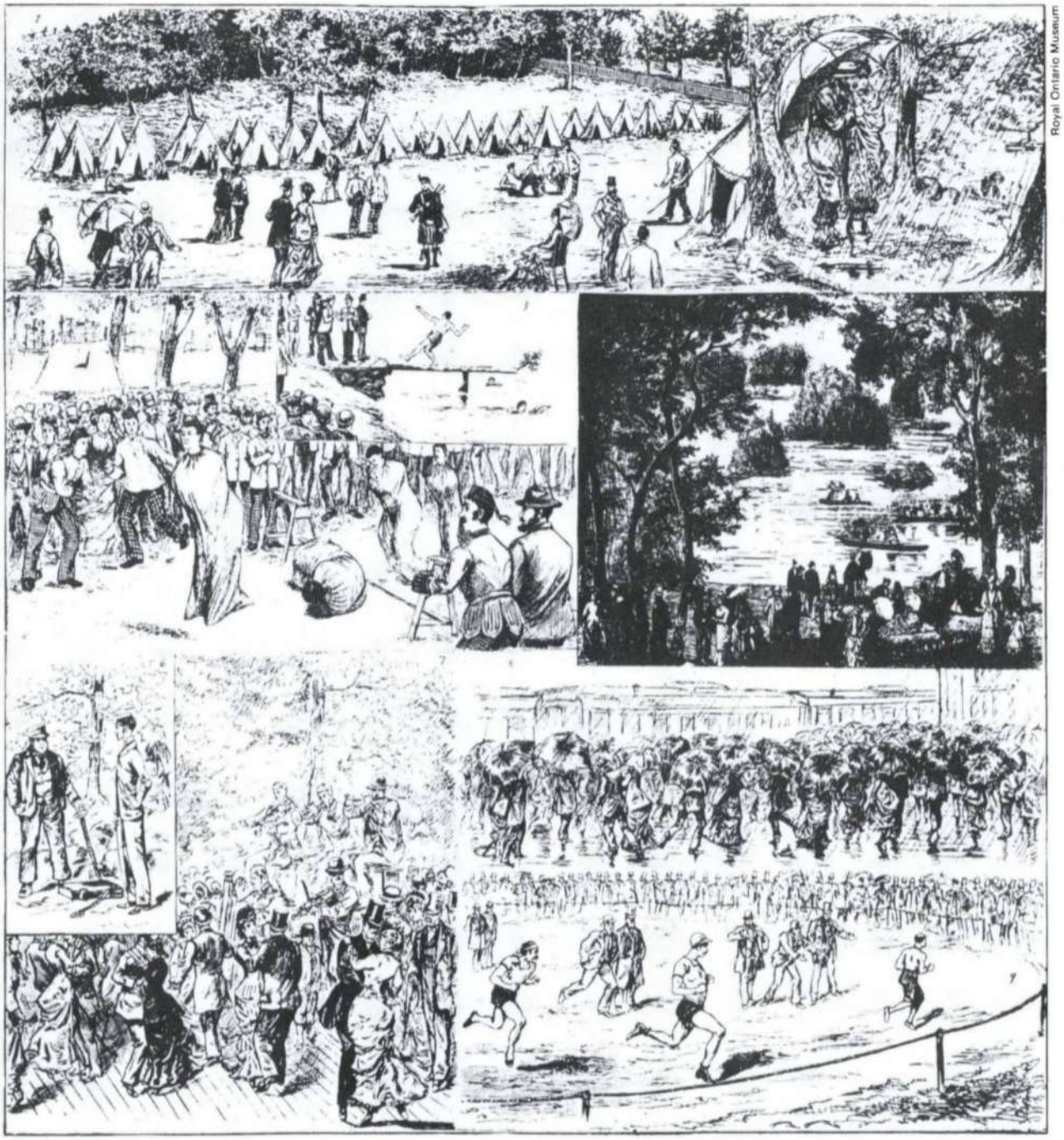
Thou art a hope the toiler holds
Within his heart—a star
That many a weary foot still guides
From hill and vale afar—

On plains to which the streams flow down,
In forest and by sea,
They live anew in hopes that crown
This land of liberty.

Think what thy storied past hath been,
Thy guarded, ancient lore,
The deeds thy former years have seen
Remembered ever more!
For thee, a babe of nations,
The best of blood was spilt,
And firmly thy foundations
On heroes' bones were built!

O Canada, unworthy
Of them thou shalt not be,
All noble ends to further
The constant aim of thee,
Till in the van a leader called
Triumphant thou shalt stand,
A people's faith, like city walled,
Safe in thy honoured hand.

—One of the Prize Poems
(*Witness* National Song Competition, 1899).



DOMINION DAY CELEBRATIONS, MONTREAL 1880

— Canadian Illustrated News

CANADIANS

Not many years ago, in a village school in the Province of Ontario, the teacher one day questioned her pupils on the subject of their nationality. Number one was Scotch, number two was English, number three Irish, and so on, each one claiming one of these nationalities. The question passed down to the last pupil, and when asked what nationality he claimed, he replied, "please Miss, I'm a Canadian." Out of thirty-seven scholars in a Canadian school room, the majority of them the children of native born men and women, only one called himself a "Canadian." Those children have since grown to manhood and womanhood, and probably still call themselves English, Scotch or Irish, as the case may be, and their children will, of course, be of the same nationality. The boy who made the confession that he was a Canadian has crossed the boundary and become a naturalized American citizen. Where are the Canadians?

Ask our fellow citizens who speak the French tongue what their nationality is, and they tell you they are Canadians. True it is that they have dwelt longer in this fair land than their Saxon or Celtic neighbours, but if they had clung as persistently to the name of their mother country as these same neighbours have done, they would still be French and not Canadians.

Why should our people not wish to be called Canadians? There is no reproach connected with the name. Canada is a country possessed of great natural advantages, and will yet become politically great, if her children are true to her.

Love for the land from whence our parents came is certainly a beautiful sentiment, but our warmest, most living love should be for our own land. Let us be Canadians first, and then, if we must, English, Irish, Scotch or French Canadians, but Canada will never be great until her children call themselves above every other name Canadians.

L.L.

— Dominion Illustrated,
28 November 1891

After returning to Quebec, Lavallée set up a studio with Jehin-Prume and Rosita del Vecchio. Together, the three musicians shared a dream of establishing a Quebec conservatory for musicians. In the meantime, Lavallée had to find other ways to earn money. Early in December, he performed some of his own compositions in Quebec City and Montreal. The critics were impressed. Guillaume Couture, himself a composer, reviewed the concert, calling Lavallée "one of our national glories ... by turns brilliant, elegant, fiery, tender and impassioned."

Over the next few years, Lavallée struggled to advance his own career while promoting musical education in Quebec. His fellow musicians respected him, acknowledging both his talent and his vision, and he became president of the Quebec Musicians' Association. The critics, too, praised his work, although the government refused to finance his scheme for musical education in the province. To add insult to injury, when Lavallée composed and conducted a cantata to honour the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise on their visit to Quebec City in 1879, he was never paid. The next year, shortly after the debut of *O Canada*, Lavallée left Canada for good.

At first, he eked out a living as a performer. For a time, he played on the boat between Fall River and

Royal Ontario Museum

CANADA

Who, conscious of their country's
swelling needs,
In idle dalliance waste the noontide prime;
Or, mindful of their sires' heroic deeds,
Ne'er forward press to reach
those heights sublime—
Not such for Canada, our land, we ask;
But stout, brave "hearts of oak"
would inly pray
To guard our homes, the subtle foe unmask,
Bring peace and plenty
round our onward way.
Rouse ye, then, brothers, for a noble name,
Deep-root the right, eradicate the wrong—
Rouse, Saxon, Norman, Celt—
or *whence* ye came,
To each and all deep patriot ties belong;
Or high or low, or rich or poor, the same—
For Canada, home, fatherland—
be strong!

Amherst, N.S. HENRY H. PITMAN.
(The Dominion Illustrated 1889)

New York. He also accompanied Hungarian soprano Etelka Gerster on a tour of the United States. Gradually, though, his reputation led to permanent employment. By 1882, he had opened a studio in Boston, where he also taught at the Carlyle Petersilea Music School, as well as working as choirmaster at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross. He continued to compose, and, in 1883, his musical satire, *TIQ (The Indian Question Settled at Last)*, was produced.

As Lavallée's fame spread, he frequently expressed the opinion that Canada should be annexed to the United States. Paradoxically, he continued to exert tremendous energy in his efforts to "wake up our dear population" in Canada, and especially in Quebec, to the musical potential they were neglecting.

When he was not composing, performing or teaching, Lavallée did everything he could to prove North American music was equal to that of Europe. He wrote articles on the subject for music publications. He became an active member of the Music Teachers' National Association (MTNA), and thus influenced the upcoming generation of musicians. Enthusiastic, energetic and dedicated, he organized a concert featuring American composers exclusively. Critics who attended the concert, the first of its kind, in Cleveland on 3 July 1884, came to jeer, convinced that American music lagged far behind European. Instead, they went away favourably impressed. More concerts followed, and, in 1886, Lavallée was elected president of the MTNA.

In that capacity, he travelled to London, England, as American delegate to the musicians' convention of 1888. It was the most important European conference to which an American association had ever been invited, and it was Lavallée's task to convince the other delegates that American music was well organized, active and progressive. His success was phenomenal, partly because of an eloquent speech. "Our country is young. Our first task is to work to develop its resources. We have begun by directing our attention to all the practical things of life. We have looked into steam, and have covered our country with an immense network of railways . . . Is it not reasonable to suppose we will also succeed with music?"

Words were not his only weapon. His own virtuosity was a powerful persuader. Every time he was asked to play, he selected an American composition, and, in Lavallée's talented hands, the music enchanted. By the time he returned to Boston, he had convinced the other delegates that American music had come of age.

Lavallée immediately plunged into a whirlwind of musical effort, teaching, composing, performing and writing. But time was running out. Since 1880 he had suffered from a painful throat ailment, diagnosed as tubercular laryngitis. He had grown a full beard to protect his throat, yet his condition worsened. By late 1890 he was confined to bed. On 21 January 1891, less than a month after his forty-eighth birthday, he died at his home on Brookford Road. He was buried in Mount Benedict Cemetery two days later. In 1933, his body was transferred to Côte-des-Neiges Cemetery in Montreal.

Many Canadian newspapers ignored his passing, but the *New York Times* paid brief tribute to Lavallée, calling him a "well-known musician, composer and teacher . . . one of the leading pianists and composers of America."

The compliments came too late. Except for the last decade in Boston, Lavallée's life had been plagued by financial difficulties. Nevertheless, money meant little to him. His Civil War pension was not drawn until after his death. And, when one publisher suggested he could make a fortune writing band music, he said, "I would rather be remembered for a few artistic compositions than to grow rich in other lines of musical effort."

Tragically, both goals eluded him. Much of his work has been lost or forgotten by all but the most serious students of Canadian music. His most famous composition, *O Canada*, is rarely associated with his name in the public mind. It is an ironic fate for the man who was once called "one of our national glories". ◆

Biographer Cheryl MacDonald lives in Nanticoke, Ontario.

EXILES

French Canadian Patriots In the Land of a Thousand Sorrows

By Max Foran

Karen Moench

Above: Canada Bay today. Page 11: Convict chain gang, Sydney, 1843. (Mitchell Library, Sydney).

The heaviness of a late Australian summer still hung in the air on the morning of Wednesday, 11 March 1840 when a barge left Sydney Cove and sailed west up the sinuous estuary that twisted its way from Port Jackson to Parramatta fifteen miles away. On board, five uniformed guards watched over fifty-eight unkempt, pale passengers who craned their necks to get a better view of the shoreline passing before their eyes. They saw the green fields and farms gradually give way to the isolation and vastness of the Australian bush. About noon the barge veered left into a large bay and headed towards a small jetty on a promontory between two inlets. There, a detachment of British soldiers waited. A short time later the assortment of boxes, trunks and clothing effects was unloaded and stacked on bullock drawn carts. Flanked by the soldiers, the fifty-eight then began an unsteady march across the marshy swampland that bordered the river. A mile south was Longbottom Stockade and the purgatory of exile. Fifty-eight French Canadian Patriots had entered "the land of a thousand sorrows".

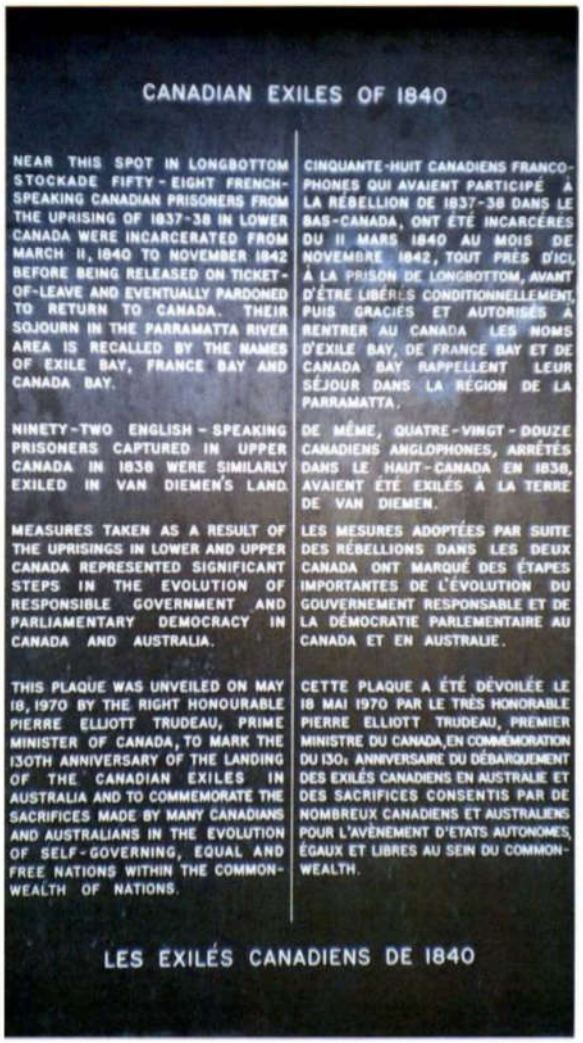
Canada Bay is a small inlet on the Parramatta River within sight of downtown Sydney, New South Wales. Before the 1970s, it was a swampy, mosquito infested backwash, and a recurring source of complaint to residents of neighbouring Concord. To most native born Sydneysiders the name meant nothing at all. The decade of the seventies, however, brought reclamation and new status for Canada Bay. Today, behind the low sea wall which contains the tidal waters of the Parramatta River is a fashionable residential neighbourhood set amid scenic green recreational areas and tree lined boulevards.

Possibly some will deduce from the names of two new streets, Marceau Drive and Durham Street, an attempt to preserve the Canadian flavour of the Canada Bay district. A short distance along Marceau Drive to Burwood Road, past the Bushell's tea factory to a point on the Parramatta River stands a solitary monument.

The inscription on its stone plinthe written in English and French commemorates the 1840 landing of fifty-eight French Canadian prisoners to begin a term of exile for their part in the Lower Canada rebellion of 1838. The reason for the name, Canada Bay and of adjoining inlets, Exile Bay and France Bay, becomes clearer. Though the newness of Canada Bay seems to belie a long past, the history written there almost a hundred and fifty years ago was both a chapter in the historical evolution of colonial Sydney as well as a painful record of the life of the political exile.

The French Canadian exiles were in the Sydney area for over four years before their pardon in 1844. Approximately half that time was spent at the Longbottom Stockade near Canada Bay, and the remainder on tickets of leave which allowed them to seek employment but not leave the colony. Details of their life in exile are provided by three first hand accounts, the most valuable being a journal written at Longbottom Stockade by Francois-Maurice Lepailleur. Another account by Leandre Ducharme contains some excellent descriptions and observations but lacks the continuity and intensity of Lepailleur's journal. The third account by Francois Xavier Prieur, written several years after his return to Canada, is more reflective in tone. It does however contain valuable details on the exiles' life under ticket of leave status. Taken together, these accounts afford a rare first hand glimpse into the life of colonial Sydney, as well as the miseries of convict existence, and the emotional problems it created. Along with their ingenuity, adaptability and resilience, the exiles also displayed disharmony, self-interest and above all an uncertainty bordering on despair. Ultimately fifty-five returned to Canada leaving two buried in Sydney and a third to begin a permanent life in New South Wales as a free man. The continuing efforts of one of his descendants to trace the family's history on two continents provides a modern dimension to this fascinating but little known interlude in Canadian/Australian history.

On 28 November 1838, the first trial began in Montreal for those Patriotes captured by the British for their part in the recent abortive attempt to overthrow the colonial government. Over the ensuing six months 108 persons were court martialled in a series of fourteen showcase trials in which the British played out their lottery of justice. The end result was nine acquittals and ninety-nine death sentences. Only twelve executions actually took place. Twenty-seven were released under bond; two were banished and the remaining fifty-eight sentenced to transportation to the Australian penal colonies for an indefinite period. Thus did the British hope to write an end to a chapter of unrest which had twice erupted in violence in 1837 as well as in 1838.


CANADIAN EXILES OF 1840
NEAR THIS SPOT IN LONGBOTTOM STOCKADE FIFTY-EIGHT FRENCH-SPEAKING CANADIAN PRISONERS FROM THE UPRISING OF 1837-38 IN LOWER CANADA WERE INCARCERATED FROM MARCH 11, 1840 TO NOVEMBER 1842 BEFORE BEING RELEASED ON TICKET-OF-LEAVE AND EVENTUALLY PARDONED TO RETURN TO CANADA. THEIR SOJOURN IN THE PARRAMATTA RIVER AREA IS RECALLED BY THE NAMES OF EXILE BAY, FRANCE BAY AND CANADA BAY.
NINETY-TWO ENGLISH-SPEAKING PRISONERS CAPTURED IN UPPER CANADA IN 1838 WERE SIMILARLY EXILED IN VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.
MEASURES TAKEN AS A RESULT OF THE UPRISINGS IN LOWER AND UPPER CANADA REPRESENTED SIGNIFICANT STEPS IN THE EVOLUTION OF RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT AND PARLIAMENTARY DEMOCRACY IN CANADA AND AUSTRALIA.
THIS PLAQUE WAS UNVEILED ON MAY 18, 1970 BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE PIERRE ELLIOTT TRUDEAU, PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA, TO MARK THE 130TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE LANDING OF THE CANADIAN EXILES IN AUSTRALIA AND TO COMMEMORATE THE SACRIFICES MADE BY MANY CANADIANS AND AUSTRALIANS IN THE EVOLUTION OF SELF-GOVERNING, EQUAL AND FREE NATIONS WITHIN THE COMMONWEALTH OF NATIONS.
CINQUANTE-HUIT CANADIENS FRANCOPHONES QUI AVAIENT PARTICIPÉ À LA RÉBELLION DE 1837-38 DANS LE BAS-CANADA, ONT ÉTÉ INCARCÉRÉS DU 11 MARS 1840 AU MOIS DE NOVEMBRE 1842, TOUT PRÈS D'ICI, À LA PRISON DE LONGBOTTOM, AVANT D'ÊTRE LIBÉRÉS CONDITIONNELLEMENT, PUIS GRACIÉS ET AUTORISÉS À RENTRER AU CANADA. LES NOMS D'EXILE BAY, DE FRANCE BAY ET DE CANADA BAY RAPPELLENT LEUR SÉJOUR DANS LA RÉGION DE LA PARRAMATTA.
DE MÊME, QUATRE-VINGT-DOUZE CANADIENS ANGLOPHONES, ARRÊTÉS DANS LE HAUT-CANADA EN 1838, AVAIENT ÉTÉ EXILÉS À LA TERRE DE VAN DIEMEN.
LES MESURES ADOPTÉES PAR SUITE DES RÉBELLIONS DANS LES DEUX CANADA ONT MARQUÉ DES ÉTAPES IMPORTANTES DE L'ÉVOLUTION DU GOUVERNEMENT RESPONSABLE ET DE LA DÉMOCRATIE PARLEMENTAIRE AU CANADA ET EN AUSTRALIE.
CETTE PLAQUE A ÉTÉ DÉVOILÉE LE 18 MAI 1970 PAR LE TRÈS HONORABLE PIERRE ELLIOTT TRUDEAU, PREMIER MINISTRE DU CANADA, EN COMMÉMORATION DU 130e ANNIVERSAIRE DU DÉBARQUEMENT DES EXILÉS CANADIENS EN AUSTRALIE ET DES SACRIFICES CONSENTIS PAR DE NOMBREUX CANADIENS ET AUSTRALIENS POUR L'AVÈNEMENT D'ÉTATS AUTONOMES, ÉGAUX ET LIBRES AU SEIN DU COMMONWEALTH.
LES EXILÉS CANADIENS DE 1840

Since the conquest of Canada in 1763 the British had failed to keep pace with a growing mood of resentment in French Canada. Though they had allowed the retention of French Canadian institutions and had granted a measure of representative government, the British were still perceived in Lower Canada as conquerors, especially by the Patriotes, the French Canadian political party which after 1828 began comparing colonial rule with the democratic political institutions of the United States.

After 1830, the longstanding resentment against British rule in Lower Canada intensified into a revolutionary fervour. Amid deteriorating agricultural conditions, Patriote leaders had little difficulty in persuading their staunch, chiefly rural supporters that revolution was the only answer. The last vestiges of restraint were removed in 1837 by British measures to restrict the Patriotes' power in the Legislative Assembly in favour of the appointed English-domi-

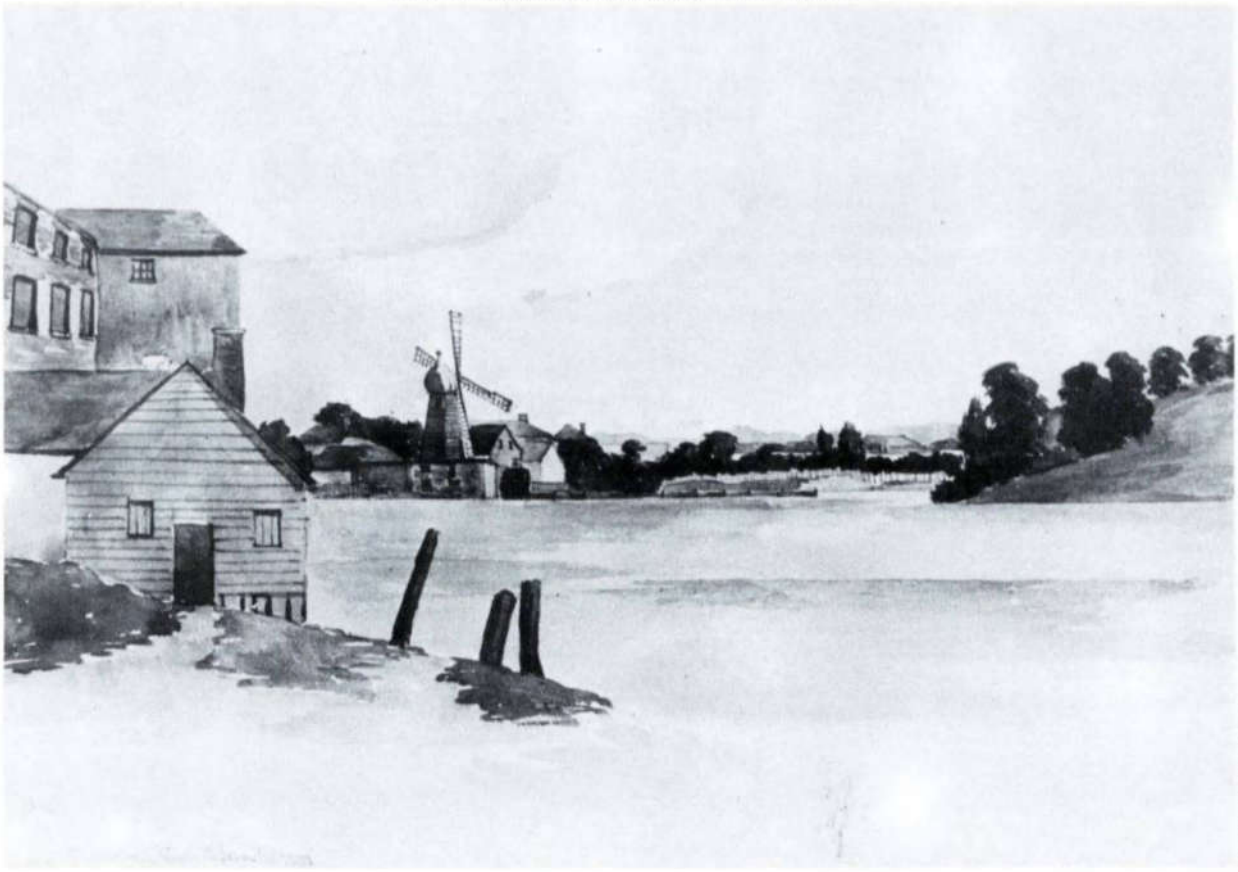
nated Executive Council. A call to arms resulted in outright rebellion in the fall of 1837. The Patriote leaders however could not translate their rhetorical zeal into cohesive decision-making on the field. In any case, British might put the rebellion down easily and over 500 insurgents were arrested. The leaders escaped to the United States where they began plotting counter strategies. Throughout 1838 secret societies known as *Les Freres Chasseurs* were organized in Lower Canada, nurtured through gossip and rumour by the guarantee of large scale American aid in arms and men for the second rebellion. As in 1837 the ordinary French Canadian was promised the certainty of a new order and freedom for his native land. And again he was disappointed. The rebellion of November 1838 was less successful than in 1837. When the anticipated American support failed to materialize, the hastily organized Patriote forces were hopelessly underarmed. Resistance collapsed quickly amid confusion and lack of leadership. Over eight hundred were rounded up and herded to Montreal jails. Of the fifty-eight prisoners bound for exile most had been captured at Beauharnais and Chateauguay. A few had held lower echelon command positions but most had simply taken orders. Doubtless several had never even fired a shot.

Though the last of the twelve executions took place on 15 February 1839, the remaining death sentences were not commuted until the following September. Francois Xavier Prieur, one of the condemned, notes the uncertainty and anguish of those waiting death:

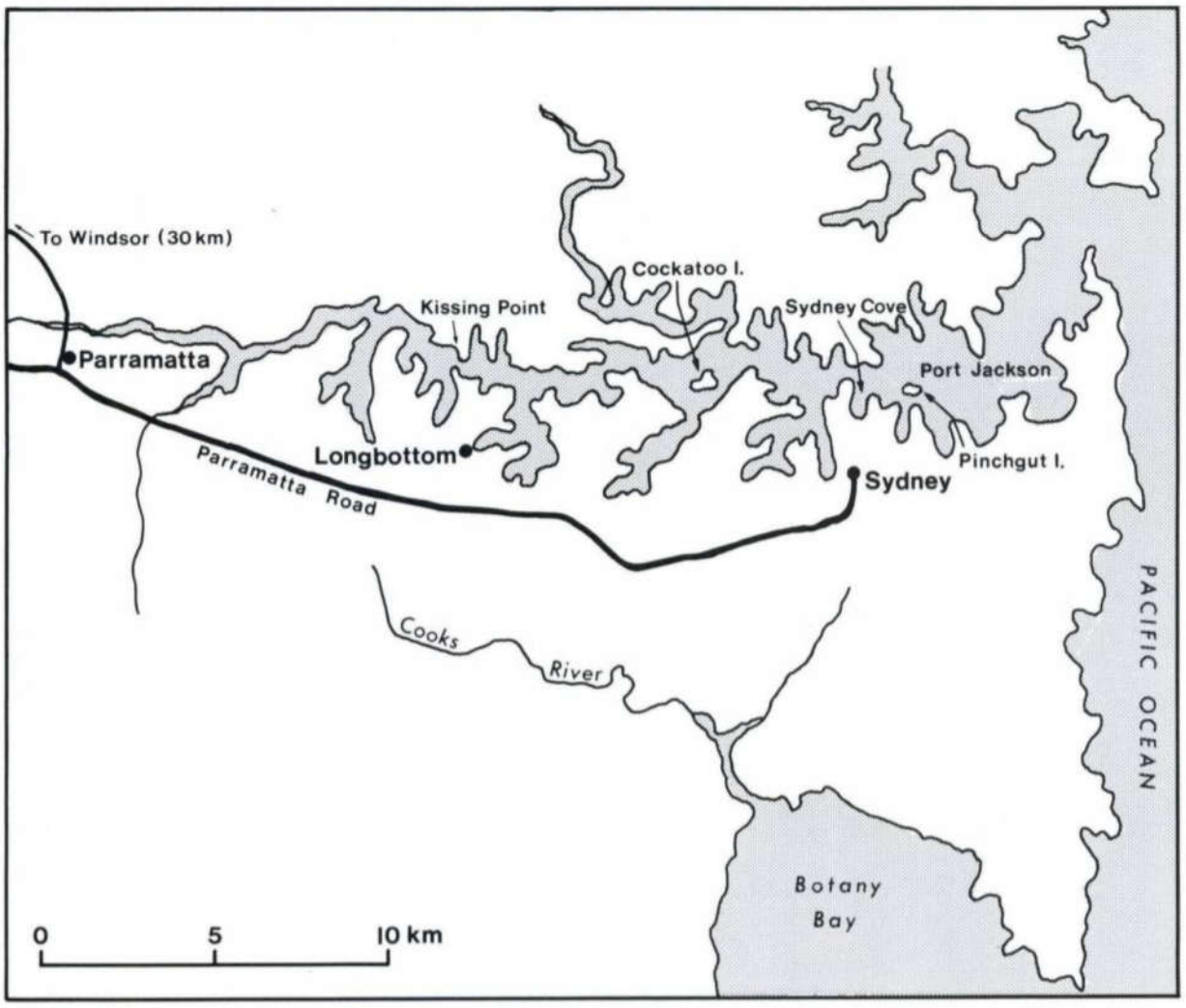
> But if the executions then ceased . . . political trials and sentences of death did not. Some time elapsed without our hearing any news of our future fate . . . for the government only expressed its decisions regarding us, transportation or the gallows, a few hours in advance. In the month of June we were informed that there was a rumour that those condemned to death had or were going to have their sentences commuted to transportation for life. As for myself I was resigned to anything. We had also become habituated to disaster and we could hardly be in a worse state than we were as we then believed. We were wrong.

Word of commutation of sentence was finally received on 25 September 1839, and a day later the fifty-eight destined for exile in New South Wales were shackled two by two and marched to the dock where they boarded a boat for Quebec. There they were transferred to the British Navy stores ship, *Buffalo*

On the Parramatta River looking toward the town, 1853.



Mitchell Library, Sydney



having been joined by eighty-three other insurgents from Upper Canada. On the morning of 28 September with the exiles between decks in their "frightful wretched hole", the *Buffalo* weighed anchor for her long journey to Sydney Town.

The five month journey to Sydney via Rio de Janiero, the Cape of Good Hope and Hobart Town, Tasmania, where the prisoners from Upper Canada were disembarked, was uneventful if one ignores the privations of inadequate diet and cramped unhygienic conditions, and on 25 February 1840 the *Buffalo* dropped anchor at Sydney Cove. The exiles' joy at leaving the ship after so long at sea was dampened by the horror at their first sight of convict life:

> Looking down from the deck we saw miserable wretches harnessed to carts engaged in dragging blocks of stone for public buildings, others were breaking stone. The sight of this brought to us many sad thoughts that we too would be employed in exactly the same way.

Their dismay may have been deeper had the exiles known that the Tory Sydney press was already calling for the removal of such "malcontented political incendiaries" to the infamous penal colony on Norfolk Island. However, intercession on their behalf by Dr. John Bede Polding, Bishop of Australia, and a good conduct certification by the captain of the *Buffalo* softened the stance of Governor George Gipps who, after some delay, authorized their disembarkation and internship in Sydney.

Thus after two weeks of confinement aboard the *Buffalo* in Sydney Harbour, the prisoners were finally disembarked and transferred immediately to a small vessel for transportation to Longbottom Stockade about eight miles up the Parramatta River. As they stepped on alien shore for the first time, the French Canadians looked no different from the usual array of convicts bound for penal servitude. There the similarity ended, for as a group they presented far different qualifications to the urban petty criminals that comprised the

Karen Moench

Part of Concord Oval, Concord, New South Wales, site of the Longbottom Stockade.

bulk of the convict population. Over thirty were farmers and there were fifteen skilled artisans. Almost half were literate and over forty years of age. All except one were Roman Catholic, but only half a dozen or so could speak English. None had had a previous conviction.

Longbottom Stockade was built originally in the 1790s as an overnight detention centre for convicts travelling the fifteen miles from Sydney to Parramatta, the colony's other major settlement. In 1819 the Longbottom area became operational as a 700 acre government farm with convicts assigned there to cut timber and tend gardens. Several permanent buildings were added, and by 1820 the stockade area, now occupied by Concord Oval recreational ground, was home to over one hundred convicts. With the success of other more productive government farms, Longbottom's importance declined in the mid 1820s. Instead its main function was a periodic billetting centre for "the double distilled villains, the very refuse of the convict population" sent to work on sections of the nearby Parramatta Road for offences committed under sentence. Given its availability and isolation, Longbottom was an ideal spot to seclude the French Canadians, where, away from the public eye and removed from other convicts, their potential for disruption could be neutralized.

Governor Gipps need not have worried, for the French Canadians posed no threat to the colony. Temperamentally they were neither revolutionaries nor troublemakers, but generally, law-abiding men who accepted the reality of exile, however unjust. They shrank from association with other convicts and despised any identification with them. For example, they were far more appalled at having to brand their clothing with the insignia of bondage than they were by the absence of blankets and bedding which greeted their arrival at Longbottom. Furthermore, they saw no haven in the lawless, godless society they perceived to exist outside Longbottom. Instead, they sought solace in their religion and in the hope, however uncertain, of an eventual pardon.

This combination of resignation and cautious hope manifested itself in responsible behaviour and attitude which soon brought their own rewards. Initially the exiles were supervised closely by soldiers as they broke, crushed and carted stones for use in roadmaking. Food and clothing were pitifully inadequate. Moreover the

periods of confinement after working hours were long and allowed for little communication. Worship too was restricted and permission withheld for the prisoners to attend Mass at Parramatta seven miles away.

The first official acknowledgement of the French Canadians' reliability came within a few weeks when they were allowed to supervise themselves with overseers appointed from among their number by Stockade Superintendent Major Henry Clinton Baddely. Besides being somewhat tyrannical and unstable, Baddely was also a self-seeking individual who doubtless saw in the French Canadians an opportunity to deploy their talents for private profit. Furthermore his faith in their loyalty was consolidated in June 1840 when the French Canadians aided him in subduing two of his own drunken police guards bent on violence towards him. In Sydney, sections of the liberal press referred to the French Canadians as assets to the colony and called for special consideration. Similarly, the Catholic Church through Bishop Polding and his secretary, Father Brady, continued to petition on the exiles' behalf at both the colonial and imperial levels. The end result was that by the spring of 1840 the French Canadians had other privileges including the right to attend Mass, control over preparation of meals, and most importantly freedom of movement and activity within the Longbottom area after hours.

The French Canadians made the most of their improved lot. Their barracks area was cleaned up, a kitchen added and a well sunk to reduce reliance on an unstable rainwater supply. Their cooks made the spartan rations more palatable through experimentation and the addition of ingredients purchased with money made on private ventures. For example, the carpenters made cigar boxes and chests, and even built carts and carriages, while the blacksmiths fashioned axes and wheels for sale mostly to government officials. One blacksmith made a brace capable of accommodating thirty different bit sizes. The biggest moneymaking business, however, was in gathering oysters from the nearby bays for sale to boatmen who took them to Sydney or Parramatta where they were burnt to make lime for mortar. Before the market was glutted, over forty barges had been loaded and shipped to manufacturers. By harvesting almost 8,000 bushels at 4 pence a bushel, the French Canadians realized a gross revenue of almost £130 while providing a welcome dietary supplement. The exiles showed too that they were not afraid to break rules by illegally gathering and selling government firewood. This little extra

Marceau Drive, Canada Bay, 1986.

Karen Moench

Mitchell Library, Sydney

Parramatta in the 1850s, courthouse on the right.

money enabled the French Canadians to enjoy simple luxuries. For instance, Lepailleur records that he collected 10 shillings from 30 people to buy a 60 lb. sack of rice to make soup and a week later wrote about buying a fine 16 lb. watermelon for a shilling.

Roadwork continued to be the chief official work assignment for the French Canadians. Aside from hewing, crushing and moving stone, they were also engaged in cutting and shaping wooden blocks for use on Sydney streets. Gangs were also dispatched to work on sections of the Parramatta Road, one major assignment being to lower the grade on Tanner's Hill in present day Leichhardt. At least five furnaces were built, each capable of firing 30,000 bricks. The blacksmiths made wheel spokes and on 14 October 1840, one thousand were delivered to government stores in Sydney. Not all their official work was legitimate, however. Superintendent Baddely requisitioned their services to make him a host of items including furniture, shoes and a fine 25′ canoe. Probably it was Baddely's unauthorized use of the exiles' talents for his own purposes which induced him to turn a blind eye to their own nocturnal profit making ventures.

There can be little doubt that with time, conditions improved significantly for the French Canadians. Extended periods of leisure allowed Lepailleur for example, to wander in the woods and even visit a nearby store. The prisoners' diet must have improved considerably for Lepailleur wrote of "being much fatter than [he] was in Canada." Finally there seemed to be more freedom and independence during the working day. On 17 December 1840 Lepailleur wrote in his diary, "The Canadians are in the best situation they have ever been in for working. Each does as he pleases. Everyone is almost a boss."

However, the torment of uncertainty weighed far more heavily on the exiles than did the physical privations or even the numbing humiliation of bondage. Tantalized by persistent rumours of pardon, and buoyed by the powerful support of Bishop Polding and Governor George Gipps, both of whom recommended clemency at official levels, the exiles understandably allowed themselves the luxury of hope. When this hope failed to materialize they then had to contend with the downside of despair. Lepailleur's journal shows this emotional trauma graphically, as repeatedly his expressions of optimism change to sorrowful laments and sentiments of hopelessness.

The pressures of incarceration and uncertainty manifested themselves in several ways. Initially, religion

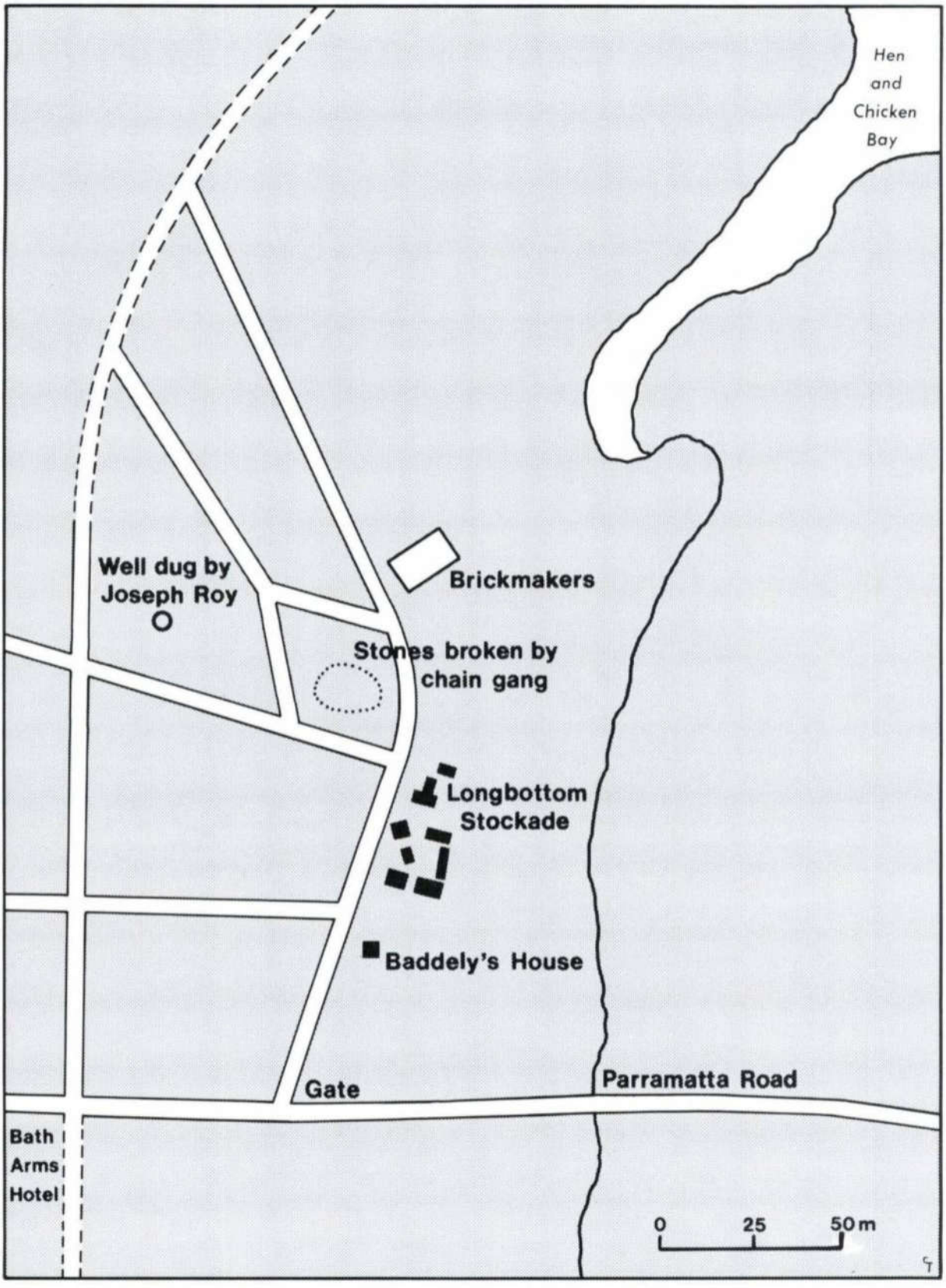
provided a major solace to the exiles, and indeed continued to do so for the more devout. One individual in particular became markedly clerical in his behaviour towards his fellows. However as time wore on, fewer French Canadians made the fourteen mile round trip to Parramatta to attend Sunday Mass, the number being less than half on some occasions. Divisiveness emerged as the exiles quarrelled, fought, stole and informed on each other. Lepailleur wrote of the bad effect on morale: "I notice that Charles Langevin is starting to lose heart and to despair because the government has done nothing and because of the bad behaviour which reigns in the settlement, the thieving and the bad feeling which is beginning to prevail." Lepailleur also had little good to say about the French Canadian overseers. Writing of an incident in which one of the prisoners was chastised for straying out of bounds to help an old lady, Lepailleur condemns his overly zealous compatriotes: "That is how the good works of Joson have been rewarded by our dear comrades and so called Patriotes . . . and it is not the first slander on the part of these little gentlemen." In December 1840 he noted a fight at the wharf with this comment: "It's always the same people. It's miserable to live all the time with such people. It doubles the pain of exile." Things had not changed a year later. When Lepailleur received his assignment allowing him to leave Longbottom in January 1842 his diary entry for the day closed with these words: "Very happy to be rid of the whole gang."

It is interesting that neither Ducharme nor Prieur in their respective accounts refers to internal problems during their sojourn at Longbottom. Indeed, Lepailleur's negative opinion of Louis Bourdon, the chief overseer, was not shared by Prieur who apparently admired him greatly. Yet the fact that Lepailleur's journal notes were made on a daily basis probably makes it a more reliable source than the other two. Certainly his emphasis on details and specific individuals would seem to preclude exaggeration and/or fabrication. Moreover, Lepailleur presents a balance to his negative comments. He also describes incidents of support, co-operation and generosity among his comrades as well as mentioning the several kindnesses towards them by sympathetic, even admiring outsiders.

Beginning in September 1841 the French Canadians began leaving Longbottom individually to take up assigned positions with selected employers. They were paid seven shillings and six pence weekly of which half was banked by the government, ostensibly to defray costs of a passage home in the eventuality of a pardon. The government also supplied weekly rations to the assignees. Though the move meant a greater degree of freedom and escape from Superintendent Baddely whose advanced venereal disease had turned him into what Lepailleur repeatedly described as "a devil", the new status exacerbated the exiles' feelings of isolation. Separated as they now were from their comrades and the bond of common language, and often unsuited for their assigned duties, many of the French Canadians had simply exchanged one misery for another. This assigned status however was short-lived. Within a couple of months they were elevated to the next stage in the penal system's process of gradual disengagement when they were granted ticket of leave status. Employment was no longer guaranteed, but freedom of movement and association within the colony was, save a monthly report to authorities. Nevertheless, though now free to join their comrades in either work or play, the exiles soon found that this new freedom exacted its own high price.

The early 1840s were not good years economically for New South Wales. A steady influx of impoverished immigrants meant a surfeit of labour which, combined with shortage of capital resulted in rising prices and limited job opportunities. The newly liberated French Canadians were affected adversely. Many had difficulty procuring steady jobs, particularly those with non-employable skills. Others who did find positions were victimized by their employers' bankruptcy or deceit. Initially at least, an element of mistrust, even discrimination toward the French Canadians further militated against their prospects of finding work. The result was that many lived in difficult circumstances with at least one succumbing to the temptation of crime and another to the solace of the bottle. Another more positive manifestation was the willingness of the more entrepreneurial to band together and enter business for themselves.

The most successful joint business venture undertaken by the French Canadians was the operation of a sawmill on land owned by a retired soldier. The location of this mill is unclear. Murray Greenwood when citing Prieur in a footnote places the mill at Balmain on Sydney's south shore. However, Prieur also refers to its location as being nine miles from Sydney on the opposite side of the Parramatta River, which if correct, would place the mill somewhere in the vicinity of present day Ryde. For at least a year the dozen or so French Canadians who operated the mill lived together in the bush where they prepared timber for sale to carpenters and builders. Described by Prieur as "the most capable and skillful in the colony" the exiles ran the mill profitably until falling sales forced them to close down operations sometime in 1843. Other less successful joint business efforts by the French Canadians included an attempt to sink a coal mine shaft in present day Concord, and a speculative house building operation. Prieur and two partners made a little money when they opened a bakery specializing in bread baked the Canadian way in an earthen oven. Indeed, Prieur


Hen
and
Chicken
Bay
Well dug by
Joseph Roy
Brickmakers
Stones broken by
chain gang
Longbottom
Stockade
Baddely's House
Gate
Parramatta Road
Bath
Arms
Hotel
0
25
50 m

noted that the existence of earthen baking ovens throughout the colony was a sure indication of the presence of Canadians.

As the French Canadians worked at their several occupations between 1842 and 1844, they enjoyed a growing reputation as reliable and capable workers. For instance, their expertise in roadbuilding was recognized by government officials who apparently sought them out to provide assistance on various projects throughout the colony. According to Prieur, the original discrimination reversed itself completely with the result that the French Canadians ultimately had little difficulty finding work even as the depression deepened. Occupations ranged from painting and glazing to clerkship and farming. Several Patriotes built handsome quarters for themselves on the Parramatta Road at Burwood from where they went to their various jobs in the area. A newspaper account written almost fifty years later attests to their high reputation. "Their good deeds, their kindnesses to the poor and their general courtesy are still remembered by the older residents."

Tickets of leave status may have meant more freedom for the exiles, but it was not a pardon and thus did little to ameliorate the uncertainty and longing for home. In fact as 1842 passed into 1843, hopes were actually fading for a release from the torment of exile. Some of the more realistic — or pessimistic — began making plans to bring their families to New South Wales, and Bishop Polding upon his return from England in March 1843 admitted defeat, and later went so far as to suggest that the exiles resign themselves and make the most of their new life.

Though they might have thought otherwise, the Patriotes had not been forgotten by their friends in Canada, and it was here where it belonged, and not with an Australian prelate, that the impetus for the exiles' release was fashioned. Consistent intercession on their behalf to two liberal minded governors finally brought success in late 1843. Sir Charles Bagot, described by historian Maurice Careless as "a man of honour. . . and diplomatic realism" had done much in his brief term as Governor General of Canada to restore some of the rebellion-shattered French Canadian goodwill. Similarly, his successor Sir Charles Metcalfe in resisting the rising pressure for party government in the Canadas was also dependent on conservative French Canadian support to run his ministry. One of his palliatives was a general amnesty for exiled political prisoners. His recommendations fell on sympathetic ears. The Imperial Government, itself assailed by the forces of Chartism, saw the merit in acceding to a request that might salve more than it would chaff.

Notices of pardon began arriving in late 1843 and continued through the spring of 1844. Those fortunate enough to have saved sufficient money for the passage home lost little time in procuring a ship. In July 1844 thirty-eight left Sydney on the *Achilles* arriving in Canada six months later. Some, like Prieur were not so lucky and were forced to remain in New South Wales until sufficient funds were forthcoming, either from friends at home or through their own labours. In fact when Prieur finally left Sydney in January 1846 thirteen French Canadians still remained. It was not until June 1848 that the exiles' sorry saga ended with the arrival in Canada of the fifty-fifth and last French Canadian to return home.

For most of the French Canadians, their Australian experience was a painful interlude whose memory and relevance probably diminished with time. There were at least six exceptions. Louis Dumouchelle and Ignace Gabriel Chevrefils had died in a Sydney hospital in 1840 and 1841, thousands of miles from home and with the reality of exile still with them. With hundreds of other convicts they were likely interred in Devonshire Street Cemetery, now the site of Sydney Central Railway Station. By documenting their life in exile, Francois Xavier Prieur, Leandre Ducharme and especially Francois Maurice Lepailleur personalized for future years some of the realities of the Australian Penal System and of colonial society generally. Joseph Marceau went a step further. In opting for a new life in Australia he and his descendants allowed the enduring presence of the Patriotes in the land of their exile.

In describing his life under assigned and ticket of leave status, Francois Xavier Prieur makes an important contribution to historical knowledge of economic conditions for the average man in the Sydney of the 1840s. His brush with devastation of an Australian bushfire and his several references to rampant lawlessness underscored his bewilderment as to why people "have selected these colonies as their adopted land." Leandre Ducharme makes some interesting observations on agriculture in the colony. He properly notes the inapplicability of the Sydney area to grain farming in favour of vegetable and fruit cultivation. Prophetically, he sees the climatic extremes of flood and drought in the Sydney area as necessitating a pastoral rural economy. Ducharme shares the general European disgust for the Australian Aborigines, referring to them as "degraded and useless beings" and "the most stupid and disgusting race in the whole world." Similarly, he shows the same European fascination with the Australian wildlife, lapsing into contemporary apocrypha by relating how kangaroos gather up men in their forepaws and carry them to the edge of a swamp or precipice and kill them. Ducharme, too, is appalled by Australian lawlessness, particularly the bushrangers, "a class of men totally depraved and stripped of every shred of morality. . . who have escaped from the penal settlements . . . and have taken refuge in the woods, there to live by pillaging and brigandage."

Since Francois Maurice Lepailleur acted as gate

Mitchell Library, Sydney

The female prison, Parramatta, later in the century.

sentry at Longbottom he had both the opportunity and the time to make detailed observations of life in the colony. Predictably his impressions were overwhelmingly negative. To him, the persistent bushranger problem was just one manifestation of Sydney's lawless society. The normal controls were sadly lacking. The police for example were easily bribed and in general "a bunch of idlers and drunkards." Moreover, the whole colony was in the grip of drink, and as proof Lepailleur refers to several liquor-inspired crimes of violence. Women were particularly culpable, and if Lepailleur is correct, the sight of women brawling drunkenly was not uncommon. He further supports a conclusion that women scarcely represented societal refinement by referring to blatant prostitution, female marital desertions, infanticide, and the brazenness of suckling infants at Mass. Indeed, whether it was the presence of debased women, the shiftlessness of the workforce, or the preeminence of alcohol, Sydney society, according to Lepailleur, was very short on moral fibre.

Lepailleur was consistent in his condemnation of the penal system which he found both brutal and morally degrading. For instance, he felt that starvation and inhumane treatment precipitated the frequent escapes, and accordingly the bushranger menace which plagued the colony. In referring to the punishment centres at Cockatoo Island, Pinchgut, and to the infamous treadmill, Lepailleur laments how convicts "served as both horses and men." One excellent account covers Lepailleur's confinement in Sydney Hospital in late 1840. His description of this two storey, double balconied sandstone structure as one of the most beautiful buildings in Sydney is balanced by his condemnation of conditions therein. Lack of organization, rules, and adequate food made the hospital "good for those who can look after themselves," and where "the rooms and patients are in charge of criminals who pillage from patients."

Lepailleur also makes objective statements regarding livestock movements past Longbottom. His comments certainly indicate the heavy reliance on mixed farming in the Sydney area. On the whole however, his observations in life outside Longbottom are highly prejudicial, and together with Prieur and Ducharme present a less than flattering account of colonial Sydney. Yet, even taking into consideration their biases and cultural shock, the three authors are probably on sound historical ground with respect to the effects of the penal system on Sydney. They were essentially witnessing the transitionary period when Sydney was neither a convict settlement nor an established colonial society. They reflected their own backgrounds in perceiving only the influence of the former and the total absence of the latter.

Only one Patriote chose to remain permanently in New South Wales following the pardons of 1844. Joseph Marceau, a thirty-eight year old farmer from Arcadia, Quebec, married an Australian girl that same year and soon after, moved to Dapto in the Illawarra district south of Sydney to take up farming. He remained in Dapto for the next forty years before his death in 1883. During that time he and wife Mary raised eleven children, the last one passing away in 1947 at age ninety.

Clearly Marceau's decision to stay in New South Wales was precipitated by his marriage to nineteen year old Mary Barrett. The Barrett family were successful farmers who arrived in Australia aboard the *Harmony* in 1827. Also, while Marceau himself had Canadian roots going back to 1641, and had three children in Quebec, he was also recently widowed, his first wife dying when he was in jail in Montreal. Doubtless this was a further influencing factor regarding his choice to opt for a new life in Australia.

Joseph Marceau became a successful farmer in Dapto, enlarging his acreage, and specializing in the several mixed farming enterprises typical of the New South Wales south coast. His son, James who took over the farm following Joseph's death was recognized in local farming circles as a proficient animal man and a successful exhibitor of fruits and vegetables. Resilient and tough-minded James was still ploughing at age ninety. Unfortunately the Dapto farm has not remained with the Marceau family. Prior to James' death it was leased to Chinese market gardeners and ultimately sold.

While James Marceau stayed with the family farm, the rest of the Marceau progeny moved throughout the State of New South Wales. One son, Edward Luke, became prominent in Sydney for his wreaths and floral arrangements, and apparently had a rose named after him. Another son, Joseph Francis, moved to Araluen in the Braidwood district near Canberra where he was a magistrate for forty years. Upon his death in 1936 he was described in the local press as "one of the grand old band of pioneers who blazed a trail of civilization in the district." Other later descendants worked as timber cutters on the New South Wales north coast, and one became a champion competitive woodchopper.

It is difficult to know how much Joseph Marceau missed his native land. Possibly he felt embarrassed by his past, for apparently he never spoke about the Rebellion of 1838, preferring instead to dwell proudly and at length on his family link with a French Napoleonic general. There was thus little attempt to preserve French Canadian culture in the home, and indeed only two of Marceau's eleven children retained their father's Catholic faith. Evidence suggests that must have been hard on Marceau who as a prisoner had once sung a high mass at Parramatta Catholic Church. Following his death in 1883 he excluded all but his two Catholic sons from his will.

But if the Marceau family assimilated itself totally into the mainstream of Australian life and culture it did not lose its sense of history. A combination of longevity and pride kept alive an historical consciousness among family members. When great grandson, Kevin Marceau became interested in his roots, he found his family a ready source of support and information.

Born and raised in the Sydney suburb of Canterbury, Kevin Marceau has put his talents as a federal tax investigation officer to good use. Through countless interviews with older family members, and painstaking research in obscure areas, Marceau has compiled a family history replete with photographs, relevant documents and genealogy charts. Impelled by "a burning desire to go back and see where my forebears lived" he has also taken his research to Canada to learn more about the Marceau family's pre-Australian roots. Interestingly he has discovered that most of Joseph Marceau's descendants by his first marriage are now located in the United States.

The saga of the French Canadian exiles represents a rare overlap in the threads of Australian and Canadian history. Whether it be as a first hand perception of the Australian penal system, or as an extended chapter in the history of the Lower Canada rebellions of 1837-38, the Patriotes' experience has relevance for historians of both countries. Furthermore, though the exiles' imprisonment in Australia was occasioned by imperial policy, it was associated also with growing acceptance by the British of the notion of responsible government. New South Wales, like the Canadas and other British dependencies, ultimately benefited from the Canadian turmoil of 1837-38, and therefore indirectly from the price paid by the fifty-eight Patriotes. ♦

Max Foran, the Principal of Midnapore School in Calgary, has published many articles on Canadian history.

FRANK JAY HAYNES IN CANADA

Photographing The Frontier

By David Mattison

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company, known as the "Syndicate" in its first two or three years of existence, was established by an act of Parliament in mid-February 1881. The directors of the company immediately set about planning for the long-delayed completion of the line. They also provided funds for publicity purposes and as a result the first official photographer was hired in June 1881 to create a series of views depicting the attractions to visitors, settlers and investors of the line between Rat Portage (Kenora) and the Qu'Appelle Valley. The future potential of a combined steam navigation-rail link to Western Canada and the vast markets of the Old World via Lake Winnipeg also formed a part of this photographer's itinerary.

An American photographer, Frank Jay Haynes (1853-1921), was picked for the job because he was the closest available experienced railroad photographer to the CPR's Western Division headquarters in Winnipeg. Haynes' work in Canada has been forgotten by historians of photography and the CPR itself.

F. Jay Haynes was one of the most prolific railroad photographers of his day. As the official photographer for the Northern Pacific Railroad between the late 1870s and 1905, Haynes documented the construction of this second transcontinental line westward from the Dakotas through to Tacoma.

He travelled widely throughout the American Northwest, promoting the work of the NPRR in seven states and territories: Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. Ever at the beck and call of his NPRR patron, Charles S. Fee, the photographer also visited Alaska in 1891 when the railroad, like the Canadian Pacific Railway, branched out towards a new tourist market.

While Haynes' lasting reputation was assured by his outstanding promotional efforts for the NPRR, he is also known as the official photographer of Yellowstone National Park, a concession he was granted by the U.S. Department of the Interior between 1884 and 1916. Haynes first visited this enchanting wilderness area in September 1881 after spending nearly two months in Canada.

Haynes was hired to create promotional views of the CPR and the attractions of the Canadian Northwest by Alpheus Beede Stickney (1840-1916), general superintendent for the Western Division of the CPR. Just a month before Haynes arrived in Winnipeg the entire western route of the CPR was moved from its more northern course to its present path near the U.S. border. The arrival of a photographer such as Haynes was no coincidence. His visit suggests the company needed some visual justification for its daring stratagem.

Haynes was probably known to Stickney who owned a farm in Moorhead on the NPRR and directly across the Red River from Haynes' headquarters in Fargo, Dakota. Stickney had previously worked for the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway as superintendent of construction from 1879 to 1881. Stickney's subordinate, Thomas Lafayette Rosser (1836-1910), an ex-Confederate Army general and the newly hired chief engineer of the CPR's Western Division, would also have known Haynes. The photographer frequently travelled the NPRR to document construction activity from 1879 onwards. Rosser was employed as a construction engineer with the NPRR from 1872 until his

Haynes at the Great Falls of the Missouri, summer 1880.

Haynes Foundation Collection, Montana Historical Society

Montana Historical Society

Montreal Bank Block, Winnipeg 1881.

appointment by Stickney on 22 April 1881. Perhaps it was Rosser who suggested to the CPR Syndicate directors in mid-May 1881 at a meeting in St. Paul to discuss a change of route that they hire Haynes to promote the iron road.

Haynes arrived in Winnipeg, more than 200 miles from Fargo, a day or two before 23 June 1881. One of the Winnipeg papers that day briefly noted his presence "to do some photographing on the line of the C.P.R." He came equipped with one stereoscopic camera and a quantity of glass negatives for which he had to pay $14.80 in duty. "Mr. Stickney will refund it to me also pay my expenses," he wrote to his wife, very likely on 24 June, a Friday.

Haynes also revealed that he was under orders from Stickney who at the time was touring the line west of Winnipeg with a CPR director and an American senator. Haynes confessed to his wife, "I don't know what to do until he returns." Stickney came back the afternoon of 24 June and likely suggested to the photographer that he document a few of Winnipeg's buildings. The *Daily Times* noted his activity again on 28 June, a day after Haynes photographed the Bank of Montreal building, (which also held the CPR offices), the City Hall, and "a number of the other public edifices of the city."

These included Knox Presbyterian Church and the Queen's Hotel. The former was considered a landmark and was only two years old at the time of his visit. The Queen's Hotel, also built in 1879 on a corner of Portage and Notre Dame, was Haynes' base of operations. At the time of Haynes' stay the hotel was undergoing expansion and renovation. Constructed of beautiful white brick, the 50-room hotel had no distinguishing architectural features other than a covered balcony over the main entrance under which several guests were seated while Haynes took his photograph. Haynes probably hoped the hotel owners would purchase a large quantity of the stereoscopic view as souvenirs for guests.

The Bank of Montreal building, first occupied on 2 May 1881, was built of red brick from a design by architect B.C. Kenway who also designed Knox Church. The bank, located on the west side of Main Street almost opposite Notre Dame Street, was a three-story building with a basement as seen on the left in the accompanying photograph. The two projecting entrances led to the bank on the main floor and the CPR company offices on the second floor. The bank manager had his offices on the third floor. This cosy arrangement was not without purpose since the Syndicate and the bank were intimately connected through interlocking directorships.

Haynes expected to produce a large number of negatives and established himself as a customer with an unidentified Winnipeg photographer who would develop the negatives and possibly print them. The negatives were known as dry-plates, a newly introduced technology which freed a photographer from the burden of carrying his own darkroom to prepare and develop his own wetplate negatives. While the dry-plate negatives did not have to be developed immediately after exposure, to do so and also produce a print ensured the survival of an image should the glass negative be broken.

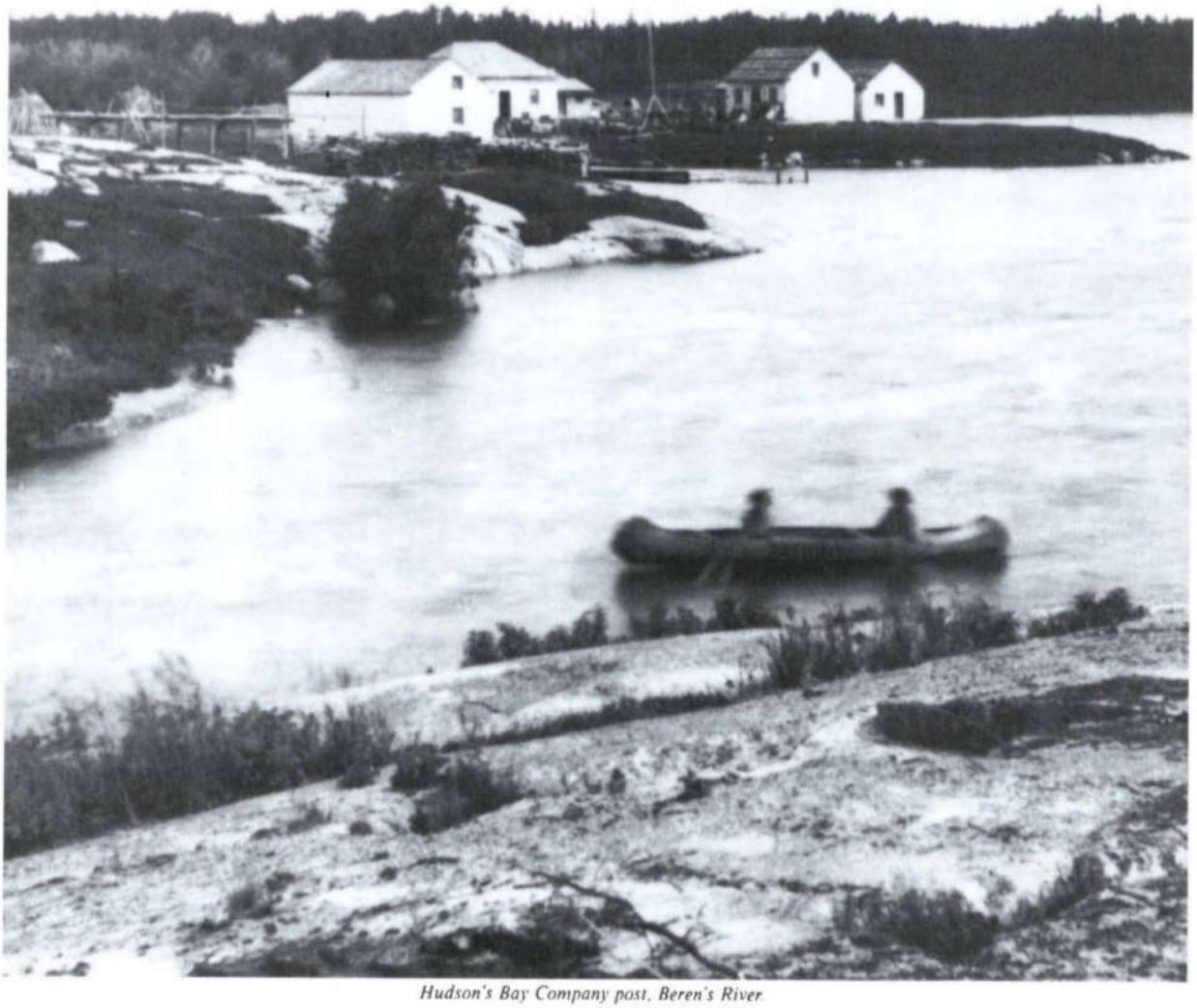
Haynes took a total of at least 92 negatives in Canada, but listed only 85 for sale in his fall 1881 catalogue. Some of the photographs do not appear in the catalogue because they are duplicates or were possibly not meant for public sale. Only a total of 65 negatives from the Canadian trip are preserved by the Montana Historical Society. These represent most of the points visited by Haynes whose itinerary was extremely broad, covering as it did nearly 600 miles up and down Lake Winnipeg, another 650 miles back and forth between Winnipeg and Fort Qu'Appelle, and a further 260 miles round trip between Winnipeg and Rat Portage. Haynes was used to long journeys in search of saleable images; the previous summer he travelled 1200 miles up the Missouri River, from Bismark to Great Falls, Montana. His assistant captured Haynes beside the falls in the stance of the conquering photographer.

The day after he photographed some of Winnipeg's buildings, Haynes embarked on the first leg of his tour: a seven-day run around Lake Winnipeg on the Hudson's Bay Company steamer *Colvile*. Built in 1875 as a freighter servicing HBC posts from Winnipeg, the *Colvile*'s most famous passengers prior to the summer

Montana Historical Society

The Colvile at Nelson River, summer 1881.

Montana Historical Society



Hudson's Bay Company post, Beren's River.

of 1881 were the Governor-General Lord and Lady Dufferin. Their 1877 voyage took them to the Grand Rapids of the Saskatchewan River on the western shore where they ceremoniously drove the last spike in the first four miles of railway track in Western Canada. Not a true railway — there was never a locomotive, only horses to draw the flatcars — this steel portage mechanized the trans-shipment of freight to various HBC posts along the Saskatchewan River. While rolling over the portage, a stop was made for Haynes to photograph the two flatcars filled with passengers and a yawl from the *Colvile*.

Haynes and several other passengers, guests of an HBC official, boarded the wood-burning vessel at Colvile Landing just below Selkirk which they reached by rail the morning of 29 June. The entire day at Grand Rapids was spent exploring various points, including an invigorating ride through the rapids where a surprise stop was made for Haynes to photograph the rushing water. The visitors also occupied themselves by fishing for pike and witnessing the laboured demonstrations of cariole dogs on a hot summer day. Haynes took two views of the latter; one shows all the dogs asleep or resting from their exertions.

A half-hour storm, described by Haynes' travelling companion, Minnesota journalist Frank Austin Carle, as "a veritable tropical gust of thunder, rain, wind and hail," crowned their long day at Grand Rapids. A quick jog took the *Colvile* north to Warren Landing where freight was unloaded for Norway House on the Nelson River. Roderick Ross, the HBC officer in charge at Norway House, left the steamer and continued by canoe to his home some 20 miles away. Haynes, Carle and some others rowed around the spit of land on which Warren Landing is situated to Playgreen Lake. They touched at a few islands along the way for some photographs. At the steamer landing Haynes also captured labourers as they loaded the *Colvile* with wood for its boiler. Two other Indians in a birchbark canoe pose for the photographer in a classic stereo perspective where objects in the foreground provide greater depth to the background scene.

The last stop of the Lake Winnipeg voyage was at Beren's River, ten hours from Warren Landing. Carle called Beren's River "the most picturesque spot we saw on the lake. The whole shore is dark rounded masses of granite, covered with a thin covering of vegetable mould, supporting a sombre growth of spruce and tamarack." This was the Canadian Shield at its aesthetic best and Haynes made the most of it with his stereo camera. In three of the views he has carefully positioned the camera and perhaps requested individuals to pose in the foreground so as to maximize the desired effect.

The *Colvile* returned to the HBC steamboat landing at Winnipeg on the afternoon of 4 July. Catching up on the news, Haynes and Carle were shocked to learn that their country's leader, President James A. Garfield, had been gunned down on 2 July in the U.S. capitol, but was still clinging to life.

Without pause Carle, and perhaps Haynes, left Winnipeg on 5 July for the community of Rat Portage at the northern end of the Lake of the Woods. Carle's 1882 account, based on letters published the summer of 1881 in his St. Paul newspaper, does not mention Haynes being present. Haynes, however, secured a railway pass from Stickney, the first ever issued by the CPR company to a photographer, and explored the Lake of the Woods region during the first week or two of August following his return from Qu'Appelle Valley. Haynes was especially interested in the construction work between Cross Lake and Rat Portage, the notorious Contract 15.

Travel to Rat Portage was at the convenience of the Rat Portage Division superintendent, Michael J. Haney, whose headquarters was at the ominously named Lake Deception. Passenger trains were "accommodated" twice a week and no guarantees were offered for safe passage which, under normal operating conditions, took nearly 12 hours. Danger was ever present, especially along the forty-mile section of Contract 15 between Cross Lake and Rat Portage which had been under construction since 1877. The muskegs on this portion caused the bankruptcy of one contractor, thus forcing the federal government to complete the work itself.

Shortly before Carle passed through a landslide wiped out the Lake Deception crossing. Another catastrophe also overtook the track at Mink Bay near Keewatin around the same time. Train passengers transferred to boats and resumed travel on the other side of these breaks. During his visit along this part of the line in August, Haynes made two photographs of the Mink Bay fill showing the herculean effort required just to skirt a few hundred feet of water.

Lake Deception, also known as Deception City, was a major staging area for construction and here Haynes eloquently captured some of the drama as the government contractor raced to finish off his work. Steam shovels, an innovation at the time for construction, twisted and roared around the clock. Haynes photographed one of the machines with its attendants piling flat cars full of sand near or at Lake Deception. Deception City was an appropriate subject for his camera and he chose two perspectives, the first being a wide-angle view cluttered with stacks of ties, freight wagons, railway car wheels, and the stumps of trees removed for building materials. Three tracks cut through the desolate sight. Haynes offset this view with that of a log building which functioned as the CPR office in Deception City.

Montana Historical Society

Mink Bay railway fill — 1881.

Montana Historical Society

CPR offices, Deception City.

He also took several views of Lake Deception itself looking off in various directions, two views of rock cuts blasted out with gallons and gallons of nitroglycerine, and three views of one of the two bridges still being built across branches of the Winnipeg River to Rat Portage. The tunnel through part of Tunnel Island, without its track, was the site of two more photographs. He explored some of the scenic attractions around Rat Portage, especially First or Kakabekitchewan Falls. Haynes took only two photographs of Rat Portage. The first is a panoramic view from the west with two men in a boat pulled up on a spit of land in the foreground. The second shows the HBC post off Main Street where bales of fur are being looked over. A canoe has been pulled up as a further prop.

Some of Haynes' most impressive photographs were taken at John Mather's Keewatin Lumbering & Manufacturing Company, otherwise known as Keewatin Mills. Only a year old, the mill was situated at the west end of Portage Bay where a cut was made through the rock to Mink Bay for power generation. The sawmill's chief customers were the CPR contractors and Winnipeg. Haynes photographed the main building of the mill from the booming ground where logs were sent up chutes to the saw floor and from the opposite side where waste was tossed over the side into Mink Bay and lumber was sent off to the storage yard. Another view in the middle of the lumber yard through which a track runs shows some of the six million board feet of lumber the mill was capable of turning out in one season of cutting. One of Haynes' views of Keewatin Mills was likely turned into an engraving for John Macoun's *Manitoba and the Great North-West* (1883).

Haynes did not neglect native Indian life at the Lake of the Woods and took five photographs, among which are a portrait of an Ojibwa family outside their log home and the more traditional birchbank tents. One of the more unusual images shows a birchbark canoe propped against a tree from which are suspended fishing nets and canvas sacks. Haynes titled this "Boat Landing, Ojibway City".

Most or all of Haynes' photographs of the Lake of the Woods were taken in the first week or two of August. Perhaps he accompanied Carle in early July to get a feel for the land and think about what he would photograph. If Haynes remained in Winnipeg while Carle travelled to Rat Portage, the photographer was likely making preparations for the longest portion of their visit. On the morning of 12 July they set out for the Qu'Appelle Valley, destined, so land speculators had assumed, to be the site of yet another great city, perhaps even the capital of the Northwest Territories. It would be another year, after Rosser was fired by Van Horne for engaging in the profitable game of speculation, before the CPR turned the line away from Fort Qu'Appelle and along the bleak plain further south to Pile of Bones (Wascana) Creek whose regal name, Regina, provoked controversy upon its selection by the Governor-General's wife.

A short train ride brought Haynes and Carle to Portage la Prairie, the oldest Manitoba settlement west of Winnipeg and the point from which the rail line slowly inched towards the Rocky Mountains. At the time of Haynes' visit the end of the track was only 20 or 30 miles out of Portage. No one, not even Stickney, quite knew the ultimate course of the line at this point in time. The rest of the day and the following morning was spent locating a guide and assembling transportation which consisted of two wagons drawn by horses. Haynes and Carle set out on the afternoon of 13 July for the new CPR townsite of Brandon. Just before Haynes headed out he wrote a short letter to his wife, telling her it would be a few days before he could mail her another letter as no railway cars ran west of Portage la Prairie. The first night out before they reached Grand Valley they spent at the poplar log home of a Mr. Cook, an English immigrant who had turned half a section of land into a thriving wheat farm and cattle ranch.

They reached Brandon on the afternoon of 15 July after spending their second night camped on what Carle described as the Big Prairie or Beautiful Prairie along either side of the Assiniboine River. Before crossing over to Brandon they spent some time in the rival community of Grand Valley on the east side of the Assiniboine. Washed out by a flood the month before, Carle described Grand Valley as "forlorn and discouraged." Haynes took two photographs here, one showing the view from the north and the other looking across the river to Brandon. The men spent the afternoon of 15 July ferrying the river which was still quite high and treacherous. Like many others that summer they put up their canvas tent on a vacant corner in the first of the CPR's boomtowns.

Their stay in Brandon was very brief, only until 10 o'clock the morning of 16 July. Haynes took two photographs here, both of which appear as engravings in Carle's published account. The first shows a building with a false front and sign reading "Pioneer Store". This was probably the first wooden building in Brandon, a grocery store known as Coombs and Stewart on a corner of Sixth Street and Pacific Avenue. The other photograph shows the sternwheeler *Northwest* loaded with cargo and passengers. This boat carried freight between Winnipeg and Brandon via the Assiniboine.

Between Brandon and Fort Ellice, what Carle denigrated as "the most monotonous part of the journey," Haynes and his party camped on the night of 16 July with a group of surveyors led by Charles A. Shaw. A mere thirty miles out of Brandon, Flat Creek (also

Factor's residence, Fort Ellice.

known as Oak Lake) was to become the end of the track at the start of the 1882 construction season. Haynes commemorated the meeting with a portrait of this crew of location engineers. Shaw did not recollect the meeting, for no mention of it appears in his published memoirs.

Three days after leaving Brandon Haynes reached the HBC post of Fort Ellice which overlooked the two-mile wide verdant Assiniboine Valley, a welcome relief, Carle wrote, from the "dull monotony of prairie scenery." The prairie held its surprises and one of these, the large amount of Red River cart traffic, was commented upon by Carle. Haynes produced a photograph of one such group of vehicles between Brandon and Fort Ellice which he titled "The Half-breeds' Ox and Cart Train".

Although Haynes and his friend refreshed themselves with the well-known hospitality of Fort Ellice for two days, the photographer managed only two photographs of the post, one being a straight-on view from outside the main gate and the other a three-quarter view of the Big House or Factor's residence. A week after Haynes left Portage la Prairie he was on the trail again for the Qu'Appelle Valley. The group met their first rain that night as they made camp 50 miles out from Fort Ellice.

On 22 July the weary travellers reached Fort Qu'Appelle between the second and third of the Fishing Lakes. Carle described the HBC post as "Five low stucco buildings, including a comfortable residence and a meagerly supplied store, all surrounded by a stockade . . . ." Most of the photographs on this part of Haynes' itinerary were taken in the Qu'Appelle Valley. He photographed the HBC post with the valley as a backdrop, took views of the valley from the south and west, and a photograph of the North West Mounted Police barracks.

As a comparison with their Ojibwa cousins, Haynes photographed a Plains Cree village on the valley floor. One photograph shows a family which numbers among its possessions several metal pots and a Red River cart.

Haynes had also hoped to photograph the Sioux chief Sitting Bull. According to Carle, the photographer was extremely disappointed at having missed the old fighter who had been escorted out of Canada only a couple of weeks before. Not to be outdone, Haynes persuaded a Cree hunting gophers with a rifle to "pose himself majestically in the deserted teepee." Just to be on the safe side, Haynes took three views. In two of these the Indian holds a Winchester rifle, probably loaned him by a member of Haynes' party. In the third view the hunter carries a percussion cap rifle, likely his own.

While Carle suggested unscrupulous salesmen might flog this image as the only picture of Sitting Bull, Haynes made no such claim in his catalogue, titling the one view he selected "Sitting Bull's Deserted Tepee, Qu'Appelle".

The return to Winnipeg began on 24 July, the same day Sitting Bull's camp was photographed. The trip back was cut short when the party met a locomotive hauling some CPR officials who invited the weary travellers aboard for the 20 mile trip back to Winnipeg. An hour after reaching the comfort of his room in the Queen's Hotel on 1 August, Haynes wrote to his wife on hotel stationery. He promised he would return soon and would relate "the little details" when he got home. He told her he was on his way to Rat Portage in the morning and hoped to get back to Fargo by Saturday night, 6 August.

While Haynes promised his wife "It is going to pay well so don't think I am on a wild goose chase," the fact is the actual route of the CPR was still in dispute. Haynes gambled, as did hundreds of others, that the line would pass through the Qu'Appelle Valley. But perhaps Haynes did not entirely lose his carefully invested time (the CPR paid his expenses). A new townsite called Qu'Appelle arose along the actual route the tracks followed several miles south of the Qu'Appelle River. When the second Riel Rebellion broke out in the spring of 1885, both the town of Qu'Appelle and Fort Qu'Appelle were once more in the news. Haynes was ambitious enough to capitalize on this turn of events had he wished to do so.

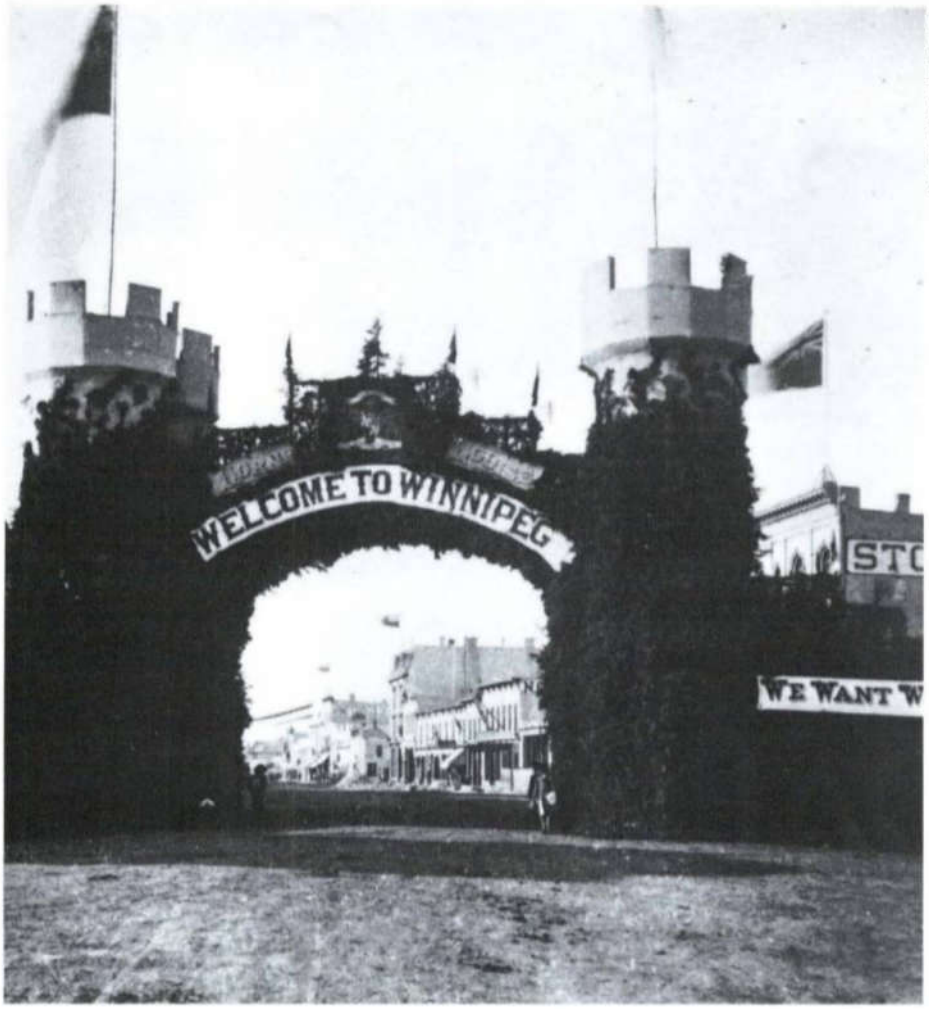
Haynes' return to Winnipeg on 1 August could not have been at a more opportune moment. The Governor-General's retinue had swept into town on 30 July after a somewhat grueling expedition via rail, canoe and foot through the wilds west of Lake Superior. The Winnipeg committee which organized the reception for the Marquis of Lorne mustered two arches which were decorated with evergreen boughs brought by train from forests east of the city.

The last photographs Haynes took in Winnipeg were of these arches which he photographed from both sides. The first arch was near City Hall and mimicked the crenelated towers of the Argyles' ancestral seat, Inverary Castle. The other arch, near Portage Avenue, was "of an ancient Scottish design" reported the *Daily Times*. The Marquis of Lorne might have rejoiced when he saw the amount of greenery which he lately struggled through on his way to the city. Haynes appears to have missed an opportunity to photograph the civic reception for Lord Lorne held the afternoon Haynes returned.

The crossing of paths by the Governor-General and Haynes is more than symbolic, for both their journeys covered a significant part of the country and both were visual artists. Haynes, however, obtained only a broad overview of the land and rarely examined in close detail the lives of the inhabitants. The Indians were an excep-

Montana Historical Society

Hudson's Bay Company post, Rat Portage.



Montana Historical Society

Winnipeg welcomes the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise.

tion. Haynes and his writer companion Carle viewed them as curiosities, nothing more than humbled and humiliated savages. Haynes prided himself on his accomplishments and expected others, especially the CPR Company, to recognize and support his work. He was mistaken in this belief. Not a single original stereograph by Haynes is preserved by the Canadian Pacific Archives.

Considering his association with a rival railway company it comes as no surprise that his tour of the Canadian Northwest was not better preserved and is not well known in this country. His evocative scenes of CPR construction, the idyllic and industrialized Lake of the Woods region, and the romantic HBC outposts are hardly different in style or content from photographs by his Canadian counterparts, except that he sought out the locations, a feat few Canadians could afford to underwrite without the same form of subsidy offered Haynes by the CPR. His use of the stereo format also sets him apart from his Canadian contemporaries.

Haynes marketed the images through his own catalogues and a Winnipeg bookseller, Parsons & Richardson, who was the sole distributor for Manitoba. On the back of the Canadian stereograph cards Haynes proclaimed himself "Official Photographer C.P.R."; he titled the series "Canada Pacific Views". While the company was a customer, its obligation was short-lived given the conflict of interest situation with Haynes' relationship with the Northern Pacific Railroad and the fact that many of the images were dated and not even on the CPR route. The CPR Company, which itself initially employed American railroad men, by 1887 relied exclusively on Canadian photographers for its publicity. Haynes returned to Canada in the mid-1890s to photograph some of Winnipeg's newest buildings, but he probably did so at his own expense. ♦

Archivist David Mattison of Victoria, British Columbia, has published many articles on Canadian photographic history. He is a recent winner of the Association for Canadian Studies Award of Merit.

MUSK-OX ADVENTURE

In 1946 the Canadian forces went north to show the flag and challenge the elements

A Memoir By Donald Storr

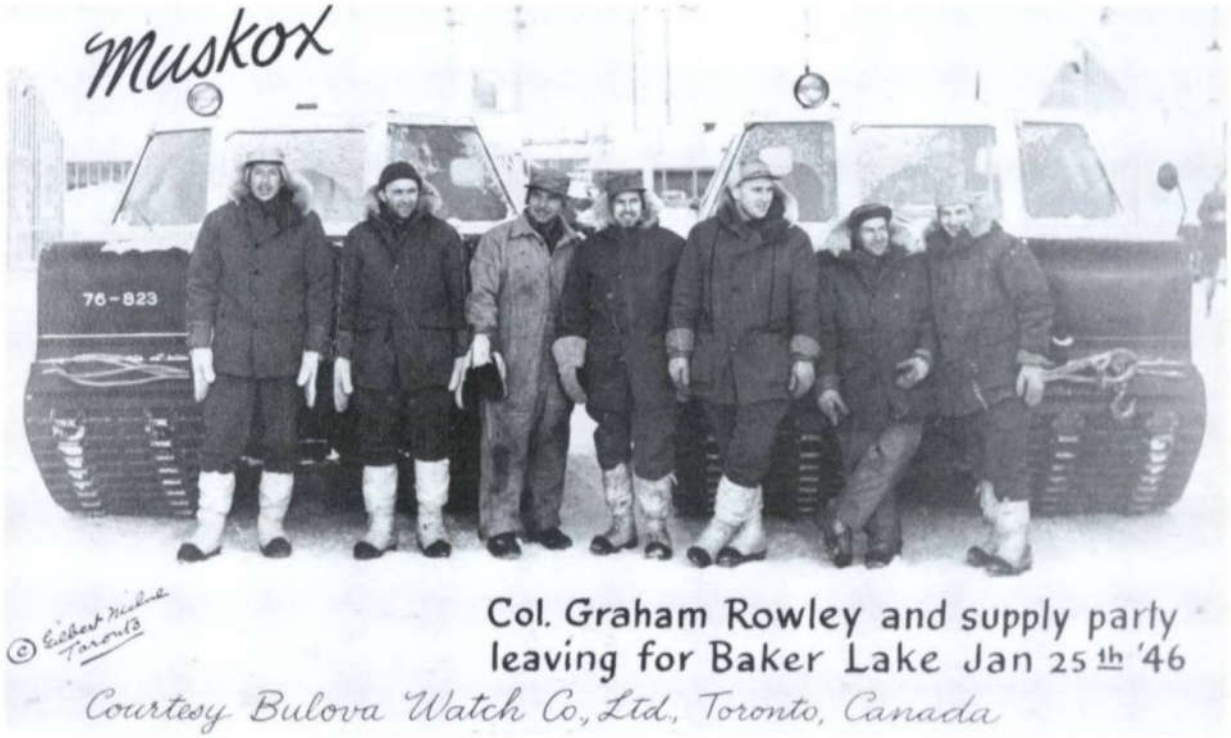
In the autumn of 1945, when World War II had ended and apprehension over the intentions of the U.S.S.R. was growing, the Canadian Government decided to test the abilities of the Canadian Army and Air Force to operate in the Arctic in winter. To this end, an expedition of over-snow vehicles, supplied by air, was planned to travel from Churchill to Baker Lake and on to Cambridge Bay, Norman Wells and Fort Nelson, B.C., leaving Churchill in January 1946. Considering the climate and the scarcity of airports and weather observing stations in the Northwest Territories at that time, "Exercise Musk-Ox" was an ambitious undertaking for both services.

To remedy part of this problem, a sub-force of the expedition was to leave Churchill well ahead of the main party to clear a landing strip on the ice at Baker Lake and establish a weather station there. This group of seven men in two snow-mobiles, called the Baker Lake Party, was under the command of Lt. Col. Graham Rowley, a gung-ho Englishman who had pre-war experience in the Canadian Arctic and was eager to renew his activities there. The other six were Lt. Col. William W. Gunn, R.C.O.C., from Montreal whose side interest was collecting specimens of wildlife for the Royal Ontario Museum; F/L Bill Cooke from Nova Scotia who would build and maintain the landing strip; Cpl. Ed Burkosky and Pvt. "Dusty" Behrenz, R.C.E.M.E., who drove and maintained the snow-mobiles; Signalman Frank Grainger, radio operator, from Quebec, and myself. I was a volunteer civilian meteorologist on loan from the Canadian Meteorological Service (now called the Atmospheric Environment Service) to the Army to advise the party commander on weather conditions and establish and operate the weather station at Baker Lake. As additional duties, I was asked to take observations of Northern Lights, learn a bit of rudimentary navigation, and because I had had some training in first aid, be in charge of the medical supplies for the group. I also kept a diary.

To more or less accompany this group, a cat train of two tractors, a caboose and three sleds of supplies was driven by Eric Carlson and Gunnar Ingebrigtson, civilians from Churchill who were well experienced in travel in the arctic winter.

After a month at Camp Shilo, Manitoba, for outfitting and conditioning, we arrived in Churchill via the Hudson Bay Railway on New Year's Eve and began another period of training under more severe winter conditions. We lived in army quarters, but by overnight excursions had to adapt our Shilo experience of living in tents to the harsher realities of arctic January weather.

Our standard Army five-man umbrella tents had an added nylon liner which provided some insulation but added to the problem of folding and storing. Our usual procedure was to select a relatively flat area of snow, scuff out a shallow depression to fit a man's hip for each occupant, spread a heavy canvas to serve as the floor, and erect the tent on that. Long spikes into the hard snow anchored remarkably well. The liner reduced the living space; even four men had little room to spare, especially when dressing in the morning, standing on


Muskox
76-823
Col. Graham Rowley and supply party
leaving for Baker Lake Jan 25th '46
Courtesy Bulova Watch Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada

A souvenir of the Baker Lake Party. Left to right: Gunn, Cooke, Burkosky, Rowley, Storr, Behrenz and Grainger. The date is incorrect, the party having departed a day earlier.

the sleeping bag and trying to avoid the touch of the frosty nylon on bare skin. We had been told that real northern men stripped to the buff to get into the sleeping bag. For us that lasted for perhaps a week, mainly because of the dressing problem.

For heat we had a small pot-shaped heater which used coal oil and was supposed to keep the tent warm all night. In practice on the trail it helped to break the chill but was invariably cold by morning. For cooking purposes, a two-burner Coleman stove using naphtha worked well. A Coleman lantern provided light and a small amount of heat.

Original plans for the Baker Lake Party to leave on 7 January were delayed and delayed, mainly by mechanical problems with the snow-mobiles, tractors, or sleds, until 24 January; but the time was not wasted. Between the training excursions I checked over the lists of contents of the 15 boxes of weather instruments sent from Toronto headquarters. To reduce breakage, I decided to leave the boxes intact, some to go in the cat train, and some to come by air to Baker Lake after our arrival. I discussed the thermometer problem with Gordon McKay, the Meteorological Officer assigned to the Moving Force. Mercury freezes at −38F but the thermometer is quite durable and accurate above that. Alcohol thermometers do not have the freezing problem but vibration (such as we would have in the snow-mobiles) causes breaks in the column and inaccurate readings. Gord was testing an experimental mercury amalgam type but I could not obtain one, so because our trip was only supposed to take 7 – 10 days, I decided to take a sling-type mercury thermometer with me and accept the risk of temperatures below −38F, a decision I regretted later.

We also had lectures on some of the finer details of survival in the arctic winter. Lt. Col. Pat Baird, the commander of the main Moving Force who had also had arctic experience, stressed that to stay warm, paradoxically we must keep cool. Moisture rapidly destroys the insulating value of clothing so if we ever started to sweat from exertion we opened our jacket and shirt collar to release the heat and moisture from the upper body. He also said that when sleeping on snow we would feel warmer sleeping on our stomachs rather than backs or sides because the mass of the back-bone helped insulate the heart and digestive system from the cold air above us.

From the skin out, our clothing issue consisted of a knotted string mesh undershirt to provide a layer of air for insulation, long-john woolen underwear, heavy shirt, sweater, army battledress, RCAF windproof pants, a tuque or ski-cap, and double parka. On our feet were woolen socks, felt boots on felt insoles in canvas mukluks with rubber soles. Woolen mitts inside leather mitts with cuffs almost to the elbow protected hands and wrists. Fully dressed I must have weighed

an extra 30 lbs. Our sleeping bags were a U.S. Army issue, down-filled double mummy type.

As insurance in case we might need the knowledge, we had a lesson in igloo construction. They say an Eskimo can make one in less than an hour: three of us working together took about two hours with many collapses. My diary for 15 January reads:

> Spent my first night in an igloo last night. It was quite an experience. Didn't get started on them until after sunset so had to make them by moonlight and the headlights of the snow-mobiles. Very cold (−25F) and windy so very miserable job. But snug inside in spite of numerous chinks between blocks and slept well. Very tiresome trying to cook meals since all food and water must be thawed first. Breakfast was raw frozen bacon, hard tack and honey and warmed-over tea. Moving Force going out tonight so hope they have no more troubles than we did. One snow-mobile refused to start this morning. Hope its not that way on the trail.

I remember looking up from my sleeping bag at stars visible through the chinks, feeling an occasional snowflake or crystal on my face, and wondering why I had volunteered. The expected "interesting experience" seemed to have lost some of its appeal.

The snow-mobiles, code-named Penguins by the army, were quite roomy, seating 5 or 6 men easily with ample room for personal gear. The heaters kept inside temperatures comfortable if not warm. Their three-foot wide tracks easily supported their weight on the hard-packed snow, and even I found them quite easy to operate. The oil was diluted each evening with gasoline, hopefully to ensure easy starting in the morning. That first over-night experience illustrated the need for more skill in that procedure. Behind the snow-mobile, a tracked trailer carried our tent, drums of gasoline, and other supplies.

Among those "other supplies" was a small keg of navy rum. After some wrangling, higher echelons had decreed that each man should be allotted a daily two-ounce tot as per navy tradition.

Also before leaving Churchill, our food supplies for the trip had to be assembled. Because of the limited space in the snow-mobiles and because the trailers were unheated, our main supply, especially canned goods

Musk-Ox chief Lt.-Col. Patrick Baird demonstrates the finer points of igloo-making to appreciative troops.

Canadian Army Photo

Musk-Ox snow-mobiles roll past the saluting base at Churchill, Manitoba, 25 January 1946.

which could freeze, were packed in the caboose of the cat train. In our vehicles we carried a few days provisions of dry foods — sugar, tea, coffee, oatmeal, hard tack, bacon, etc. The main staple was a large supply of pork and beans which had been prepared by the army cook, spread out in a shallow layer to freeze in flat tins, then broken into small chunks for easy transport in cotton bags.

Finally the period of waiting and preparation was over and the Baker Lake Party left Churchill in snowmobiles 722 and 823 at 10:45, 24 January 1946 after a session with the press and photographers. Going was slow over very rough ice in Churchill Harbour and Button Bay, but then we made good progress, logging 30 miles by 5 P.M. to about 10 miles south of the mouth of the Knife River. Temperature −28F.

Friday 25 January: Very late start after trouble starting #722. Finally got away at 13:45 and reached Anderson's Post at 17:00. Really great to get indoors and have a good hot meal. Now 39 miles from Churchill. Expect cats to catch up soon with gas and grub. −23F in morning and −30F at night.

Saturday 26 January: Spent day doing small repairs. Had rip in tent sewed. Cat train went through at noon. Trapper came in with dog team from 100 miles inland. He'd seen nobody for 5 months. He will take mail to Churchill for us.

Sunday 27 January: Left Anderson's at 11:30 and made 30 miles. Now camped on sea ice. Saw many ptarmigan and a white owl near Seal River. Going was good to the Seal then very rough. Norseman dropped us a message about 13:00. Ran with cat train the last 3 miles. Pork chops and beans for supper. −38F.

The sea water freezes into three types of ice on Hudson Bay: the ice foot which is permanently attached to the shore; the floating sea ice which moves up and down with the tide; and the hinge ice which connects the other two. Because of its daily movement, the hinge ice is very rough and made a formidable barrier to passage to the smoother sea ice beyond. We had been travelling on the shore itself or on the ice foot.

We now found that tenting on ice was much worse than on snow. It was of course harder to anchor the

tents, and we could not get warm in our sleeping bags, so had little sleep that night, a practical demonstration of the difference in insulation values of snow and ice.

Monday 28 January: Only made about 10 miles today in rough going, then the wind got up, blowing snow reduced visibility to zero and we in 722 lost contact with 823. Last saw him here at this deserted Anglican mission, so came back here and pitched tent inside. Lovely and warm inside the tent so I'm looking forward to a good night's sleep. We have radio contact with Churchill so we can always find 823 by plane if necessary. −35F in the morning, −38F at night.

Tuesday 29 January: Rowley and Dusty went off to look for 823 but returned at noon without finding them. So we followed the cat tracks and saw where 823 had gone ahead of us. Caught up with them about 2:30 pm and followed behind cat train till camp at 5 pm. Made only 15 miles and are now half way from Hubbart Point to Nunnulla. Had potatoes and fish from caboose for supper so feel nice and full! Not so cold today, only −14F.

After six days on the trail we had made less than half the distance to Eskimo Point and were far behind our schedule, but we were developing a routine which gave promise of saving time in the future. When the tents were pitched after the day's run, one man had to collect several pails of snow and tend it on the camp stove while it melted — a tedious job which required constant attention, but essential to provide us with fresh water for drinking, washing and cooking. If we were near the cat train with its caboose we ate quite well and a varied menu; if we were not, supper was usually the pork and beans, but we were always ready for it. Any snow-water remaining after the mess tins were rinsed out was allowed to freeze as the ice was much easier to melt than snow the next morning. Before taking off a few layers of clothing and crawling into the sleeping bag, I had to take the observation of the Northern Lights and do my record keeping. Ed and Dusty had daily maintenance procedures for the vehicles. In the morning when the water was ready, porridge and tea were made while bacon and bread (if we had any) and more pork and beans were thawing out and heating for breakfast. The nicety of shaving was soon forgotten, and washing face and hands became very perfunctory. In the meantime, Ed and Dusty were refueling the vehicles and getting them started and warmed up. Next came the procedure of packing up cooking gear and sleeping bags, then folding and storing the tents. Lunch was usually skipped or pieces of hard tack nibbled as we moved.

Snow-mobiles and trailers of the Baker Lake Party at Anderson's Post on the Knife River.

Canadian Army Photo

Tent pitched inside the deserted Anglican mission at Hubbart Point.

Wednesday 30 January: We tried hard to make Nunnulla today but when we were only about two miles away found that 823 had lost its trailer, so they went back for it while we made camp on a rocky islet out beyond the hinge ice. Rowley and Dusty went back in 722 to look for 823 and both returned at 9 pm. Cat train had picked up the trailer 8 miles back. Saw a blue fox this afternoon. Travelling on the sea ice for the first time was quite a thrill but the hinge ice barrier was really rugged. A Dakota dropped us mail at noon. I got 2 letters. Not so cold today, −12F.

Thursday 31 January: Arrived at Nunnulla about 9:30 this morning and Rowley decided we should spend the day here on maintenance. Just four deserted buildings here. I shot an Arctic hare near one building and skinned and cleaned it. Bill Gunn is taking the skin for the Royal Ontario Museum. Froze the meat for later use. Cat train went through at noon so we have canned vegetables and caribou for supper. Nice day, −15F.

Friday 1 February: Made 48 miles today to mouth of Tha-Anne River and are camped in a trapper's cabin. Near the mouth of the river, 722 and its trailer went through shell ice into about 8 inches of water on top of sea ice. We had to slip our trailer and pull them out with our cable. Much colder today so miserable working there. Met our first Eskimos today. Got another mail drop today. −27F.

In attaching our cable Rowley got his feet wet. This could have been extremely serious but fortunately we soon reached the trapper's cabin. However his willingness to get wet in such weather to save the other vehicle and trailer sent him up in my estimation. His footwear dried over the stove in the cabin overnight.

We did not know where the trapper was — probably out on his trap-line. His cabin was quite neat and clean. One interesting feature was a large number of frozen caribou carcasses stacked up outside like so much cordwood, apparently for dog food. We cut a hind quarter off one, thawed and roasted it. As delicious tender meat as I have ever tasted. We left the trapper some canned goods stacked on his kitchen table in exchange. I wonder what they would be like and what his reaction would be when he returned.

Saturday 2 February: Made Eskimo Point at last. Had good going up to about 10 miles from here then very rough. Finally saw a light and followed in the dark. Saw three caribou this afternoon. Staying at the RCMP building. −22F.

Sunday 3 February: Ed Boone and Tom Auchterlonie of RCMP are very nice, hospitable chaps. Eskimo Point is very small — Hudson's Bay Co. post, RCMP, Anglican and R.C. missions and a few Eskimo. Got an Eskimo named Nigyiak to guide us halfway to Baker Lake. Left Sigmn. Grainger behind as he seldom can make contact with Churchill. —28F

We needed a guide from Eskimo Point to Baker Lake because at that time much of the area had not been surveyed and our maps showed many features just dashed in, and one area marked "Largely Unexplored". The coastline from Churchill was well mapped and had been relatively easy to follow, although the low-lying shoreline made bleak scenery. We had left the last trees behind at the Knife River so the landscape was mainly black (rocks) and white (snow). From Eskimo Point on, the prospects were worse, hence the need for a guide, especially if we wanted to make up any time. Nigyiak agreed to take us beyond Kaminak Lake where we would find his brother to guide us to Baker Lake.

The Eskimos displayed a keen interest in our snow-mobiles. They were of course familiar with aircraft, but I think these were the first mechanical over-snow vehicles they had seen. Although the step from meat-eating dog teams pulling a *komatik* to gasoline and oil powered snow-mobiles would be a major one, they wanted to learn what was involved, how much the machine carried, and how much it cost.

Part of the decision to replace Grainger stemmed from a conflict between his "never volunteer for anything" Army attitude and Rowley's enthusiasm for everything Arctic. Rowley had told us tales of how great it was to collapse into an igloo after running in a blizzard all day behind a dog team; to which we scoffed to ourselves: "Yes, and it also feels great when you stop banging your head on a brick wall". But a leader must show enthusiasm for his operation or he is soon not a leader. Rowley had ample. We could not get a replacement for Grainger on short notice on RCMP radio, so left Eskimo Point with one less Army man, but one more Eskimo, still a party of seven.

Nigyiak soon proved his value by picking excellent routes so we made 39 miles on 4 February from Eskimo Point to the south end of Maguse Lake. There we found a small winter settlement, three igloos housing about 10 or 12 Eskimos of three generations. After some palaver, Rowley announced that we need not pitch tents that night — we had been invited to sleep in one igloo. What an experience it turned out to be.

The old grandpa and grandma stayed in one igloo to be our hosts, the other occupants moved in with the others. Our igloo was very large, at least 20 feet in diameter inside and eight or nine feet high in the centre.

An historic moment: Eskimo Point Inuit see snow-mobiles for the first time.

The camp after a five day halt in a blizzard near Lake Kaminuriak.

It was well built, (no chinks between snow blocks here!) so nice and snug inside. However when we lit our Coleman stoves to make our supper and the temperature rose close to thawing, old grandpa got up on the sleeping platform and with his butcher knife opened a hole in the roof to let that hot air out. We wondered why, but if the heat had melted any snow into ice, the insulating value would go down and a new igloo would have to be built. The sleeping platform of snow about 18 inches high and covered with a layer of willow branches and caribou skins occupied almost half the room.

While we ate our usual pork and beans, the Eskimos carved slices from a caribou carcass. We each tried the raw frozen meat, but I for one preferred the hot roasted variety. Grandma was quite concerned at our profligate use of tea; only using the leaves once was very wasteful, so she carefully froze what we discarded.

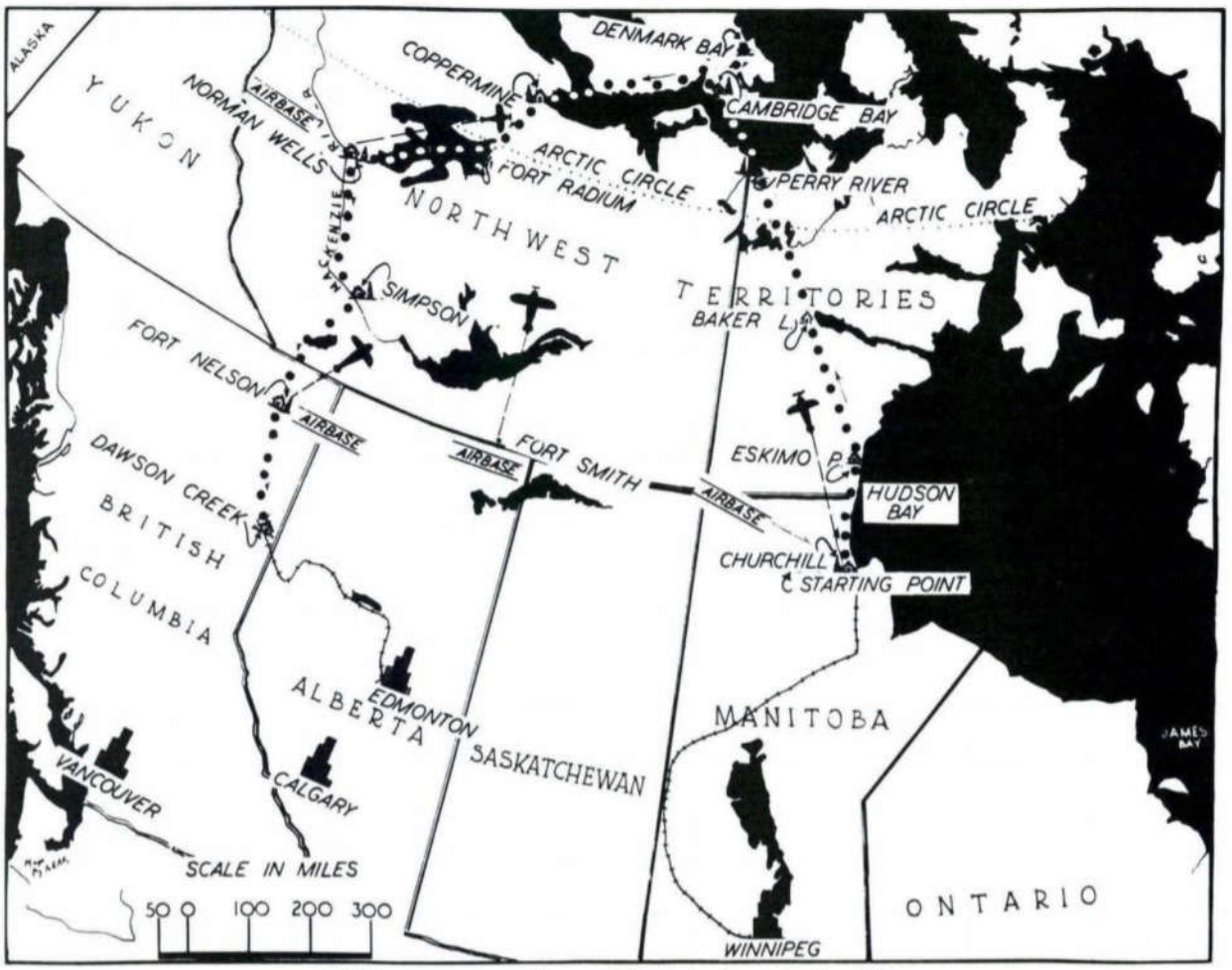
Off the entrance tunnel were two small igloo rooms, one containing several frozen caribou carcasses, the other housing a sled dog nursing several pups. As I was going out the tunnel on my hands and knees to take the Aurora observation before we got into our sleeping bags, I looked up to see the dog coming in, only a few inches nose to nose. When she bared her teeth, I did not argue the right of way and backed up.

On the sleeping platform from wall to wall were grandma, grandpa, Nigyiak, Rowley, the other four men, then me. And grandma had a bad cough and kept spitting on the floor all night so I do not think any of the white men slept well.

Tuesday 5 February: Made 42 miles to north end of Maguse Lake. Strong NW wind blowing snow all day. −29F in morning, −34F in evening. Now in maze of small lakes with rocky ridges between. Hope the cat train can keep pace and follow our tracks.

Wednesday 6 February: Visibility less than half a mile all day with 20 mph wind and strong ground drift. Temperature −34F to −38F. In spite of the weather, Nigyiak brought us 46 miles to between Kaminak and Kaminuriak Lakes, just 10 miles from where we leave him. He sure knows this country and can read a map and point out our location.

One feature of the weather which I had not expected was the persistence of fresh to strong northwest winds. It seemed that if there was any wind at all, it was right in our teeth. This persistence resulted in snow drifts lined up northwest-southeast and provided a built-in compass. They varied in size and length, but very few extended for sufficient distance to make travelling on them worthwhile. I learned later that such drifts are called "sastruggi", from Russian, I believe.



A 1946 news map shows the route of the moving force, via Baker Lake

Thursday 7 February: Rowley and Dusty left this morning to take Nigyiak to his village but could not get his brother Akpa who was out on his trap-line. I did a bit of washing while they were gone — mainly socks, handkerchiefs, etc. Wrung out well, they soon froze stiff then gradually dried. Nigyiak said we are now closer to Baker Lake than to Eskimo Point. We are now waiting for the cat train to catch up. −38F.

Friday 8 February: The cat train caught up late last night. A Norseman had landed near them yesterday so we got mail, a new radio set, and Signalman Ed Ricker to replace Grainger. Got a new Eskimo guide from the Eskimo village. His name is Nauya (Sea Gull), quite a bit older than Nigyiak and not as sharp. Going was slow all day and we made only 27 miles. Dusty had a shot at a wolf this evening but missed. We hope to make Baker Lake by Monday night. −32F this morning but only −18F this evening.

Saturday 9 February: Darned cold again today, −38F this morning and −38F now. Cat train caught up before we broke camp, but we were in a small rocky hollow and it took all morning to find a way out. Made only 20 miles today — country just a maze of rocky ridges with a few small lakes. We nearly lost a tent last night when Ed put naphtha in the coal oil burner by mistake. Only his quick action in throwing the burner out the doorway saved us. Nauya does not seem to know the area very well and our present location is unknown. Approximate latitude by a shot on Polaris with clinometer is 63°N.

Sunday 10 February: We lost three miles today. This morning the mercury was solid reading −47F with a NW wind of 25 to 35 mph and visibility zero to ½ mile, so we broke camp and back-tracked to the cat train. Froze both cheeks when breaking camp. Temperature still −46F and zero visibility. We have to sit here until it improves.

Canadian Army Photo

Forces weathermen check the wind, 18 January 1946.

The weather for the next 2 days was beyond my wildest expectations. Born and brought up in Saskatoon, I had spent all my 27 winters in Saskatchewan and Manitoba so 40 below zero temperatures were no stranger. However from my experience — when the temperature dropped that low the wind was negligible and many activities continued if people dressed properly. This Barren Grounds storm was a different breed. For three days that northwest wind blew at least 30 mph while the mercury in my thermometer retreated below the −50F mark. On the morning of 11 February it only occupied half the bulb of the thermometer and I thought it must have been broken, but when checked against a pot of snow melting on the Coleman, the mercury came right to 32F, then shrank back into the bulb when I put it back outside the tent.

When we pitched our tents on 10 February, we made sure that ours was well banked with snow, and when I crawled into my sleeping bag completely dressed except for mukluks parka and wind pants I was reasonably warm and slept well. The other tent had not banked up as well and they said they were very cold all night. We ate our meals in the caboose which was a real blessing but it could not accommodate us all full time so we spent many hours in the sleeping bags in the tents. Every so often we had to go out and shovel the snow off the tent when the centre pole developed a 30 degree arc.

On 13 February visibility improved to about a mile although the wind was still estimated at 30 mph and the mercury frozen below the −40F mark. The cat train decided to move on; we would follow as soon as we broke camp. However neither snow-mobile would start, no matter how we tried all day long. That night things looked grim; Ed and Dusty were sick from naphtha fumes, and we had neglected to restock the food boxes from the caboose supplies. They were almost empty. Signalman Ricker had been unable to contact anyone on the new radio so we could not call for help that way. The storm had obliterated our tracks so an aerial search would have had to work back from the cat train or Baker Lake — when and if HQ decided that we needed help. Gloomy thoughts to go to sleep on.

Thursday 14 February: Spent all day trying to get the snow-mobiles started without success until Dusty managed to drain the oil from 722, warm it on the Coleman in the tent and replace it. 722 coughed and started at 5 PM. Welcome sound! It had three cracked spark plugs so since 823 still would not start we took three plugs from it for 722 and decided to leave with just one trailer. Took 2 drums of gas, the tents, sleeping bags and personal gear. Left at 1 A.M. 15 February.

Nauya had left with the cat train and the seven remaining crammed 722 to capacity, but we were all so glad to be moving that there were no complaints. What a way that had been to spend Valentine's Day.

Friday 15 February: Made 19 miles and caught up with the cat train at approximately 63°10′N; 95°20′W at 5 A.M. outside an Eskimo village. Found some spark plugs in the cat train supplies and Rowley decided to go back and try again to get 823 rolling. Cookie and I stayed with the cat train and we made another 30 miles. Now on Tookeniuk Lake and only about 50 miles from Baker Lake. Had a wonderful sleep in the caboose all day so morale much higher now.

Saturday 16 February: Sat in caboose while we made 15 miles by 2 PM when a sled broke down so spent the rest of the day on repairs. Both 722 and 823 caught up about 5 PM so we are now camped just south of the Kazan River. Mercury still frozen below −40F.

823 had been started by towing it around until the oil loosened up then throwing it in gear. After numerous attempts, this procedure finally worked. However it was not operating well and we had to replace the gaskets on the manifold. The toll of over three weeks operating in extremely cold weather with only minimal maintenance was beginning to show.

At one Eskimo village we paused and the dozen or so inhabitants streamed out of the igloos to line up and shake hands with us all. Quite a reception line. I was surprised as I shook hands with one mother when her naked baby, who did not appear to be more than a year old, reached over from the pouch on her bare back to also shake my hand. The moisture in the warm air rising from him (her?) soon condensed into a mist around the mother's head in the −40 degree air but had no effect on the wide smiles of all concerned.

Sunday 17 February: Got away to an early start about 8 A.M. Crossed the Kazan River above the falls, perhaps a very dangerous spot. Lots of fog rising from open water below the falls. Saw 4 white foxes. Dusty tried a shot with .303 but no luck. Had a mail drop from a Norseman just south of the lake, then came on across to Baker Lake Post in the dark. Arrived at 6:55 PM with 567 miles on the speedometer, 25 days after leaving Churchill. Spending the night at Sandy Lunan's, the H.B.C. trader.

We were very busy the next few days getting established to fulfill the purpose of our coming to Baker Lake. First task was to remove 1000 caribou skins from a store-house which Sandy Lunan loaned for our use. It was a much better building than we had expected, 18 ft by 32 ft and very well built.

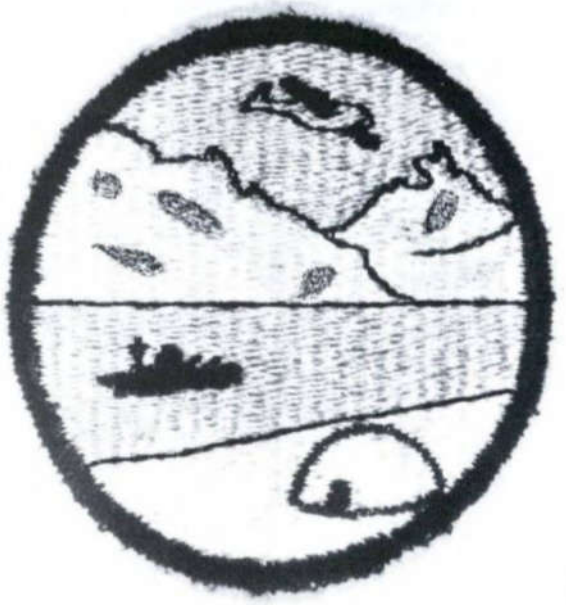
The centre room had a coal stove (Sandy said that coal was $100.00 per ton! A fantastic price compared to about $15.00 in Saskatoon), so we borrowed a table and used that room for cooking and eating. One end room about 8 by 18 was for radio and weather equipment; the other end room the same size for sleeping. One consequence of removing the hides and heating the building was the arousal from dormancy of thousands of flies which had presumably arrived with the hides. We did not know any better and killed them with a very liberal use of DDT.

While Bill Cooke measured the lake ice thickness and laid out a landing strip and Carlson and Ingebrigtson scraped it clear of snowdrifts, I unpacked the weather instruments which had come on the cat train. Some of the installation instructions packed with them at Meteorological Headquarters in Toronto were obviously intended for places with more modern conveniences and more moderate climate. To mount the ceiling projector (which throws a spot of light on the base of the cloud at night to be measured with an alidale), I was told to "obtain from a local lumberyard a cedar post long enough to go below the normal frost line". Two impossibilities in that sentence. The projector was powered by a 12-volt battery which I was instructed to have recharged each month after obtaining at least two estimates from local garages. However, we did not expect any night flights for a while so the ceiling projector could wait.

First priority for the incoming RCAF planes would be observations of cloud height, visibility, wind and temperature. An anemometer was mounted temporarily on a tent pole and a Stevenson screen to shelter the thermometers on a pile of snow blocks built up to the required height then anchored with parachute shroud lines. Distances to various hills and the other buildings were obtained from Sandy Lunan to serve as visibility markers. Cloud heights had to be estimated until the hydrogen cylinder and the balloons could be brought up from the cat train. The first abbreviated weather report from Baker Lake was radioed out at 6 A.M., 19 February. Four more followed at three-hour intervals until 6 P.M.

Baker Lake village was much the same size as Eskimo Point with about a dozen buildings scattered along the shore-line, housing from west to east: Rev. Bill James, the Anglican missionary; Hudson's Bay Co; Oblate Father Choque at the R.C. mission, and RCMP Sgt. Paddy Hamilton with his wife and five year old daughter Sally. In igloos were a variable number of Eskimos, the most memorable being old Pork and his wife Hattie. Pork could remember the whalers operating in Hudson Bay off Chesterfield Inlet in his youth, so Sandy thought he must be at least 70 years

The Musk-Ox "flash"



Canadian Army Photo

old. He was quite a craftsman. For $6.00, he later made me a cribbage board from a walrus tusk using only a small hand drill, a saw and a file. Teeth from an old black comb embedded in saw cuts formed the dividing lines between groups of holes. To contain the pegs, which were whittled from ivory, one end of the tusk slid off on a tongue-and-groove arrangement.

Wednesday 20 February: Still very cold, below −40F all day. Had a supply drop this morning which kept us busy gathering parachutes and oil drums. In the afternoon, the first wheeled aircraft to land at Baker Lake, Dakota 963 landed with mail and supplies.

Thursday 21 February: The rest of my weather instruments and a lot of radio equipment arrived today with Cpl. George Gullickson. He will be in charge of the radio section. Unfortunately the mercury barometer was broken and had to be returned so my reports are still incomplete.

Friday 22 February: Spent the afternoon lugging rocks up on a small hill to anchor the anemometer mast when iced in. Coldest day yet, −51F this morning, but no wind so tolerable. Bought two wolf skins from Sandy Lunan for $10.00. Gordon LeSueur of the Dominion Observatory arrived today to begin a series of observations of variations in magnetism.

Saturday 23 February: Another busy cold day spent putting up the anemometer and wiring it. −47F this morning. Anchor pegs around the mast had to be iced in. Froze right little finger taping the wiring.

Sunday 24 February: What a wild day! Blowing snow before a 40 – 50 mph NW wind reduced visibility in the morning to about 20 yards and to less than 10 feet at night. I almost got lost going out to read the temperature and wind at 9:30 P.M. It sure shook me. A snow-mobile was parked about 15 yards out, halfway to the Stevenson screen and I made that OK but after going 20 paces beyond and then 20 more I could see nothing at all. Started to retrace my footprints but they were gone. Heading upwind I ran into one of the parachute shroud lines which anchored the screen. I had been heading out on the lake. Temperature went up all day from −38F this morning to −20F this evening.

That day was the first time the temperature had been warmer than −40F at any time since 9 February.

The next week was spent in completing the installation of the weather instruments and preparing for the arrival of the Moving Force of 15 snow-mobiles. A little improvising solved the problem of installing the ceiling projector. We cut the top out of an empty fuel drum, filled it with water and held the projector level with its lugs in the water for the few minutes it took to freeze solid. A good temporary solution until the first big thaw, but that would be someone else's problem. The projector and its battery should have been 1000 feet from the alidade outside the house for easy measurements, but the battery would have soon frozen useless so I reversed the positions, putting the projector just outside the house with the battery inside, then walked the 1000 feet to the alidade when a night-time cloud measurement was needed.

Sandy had an Eskimo build a snow-porch in front of our door with three igloos off it. I guess we were now a six-room establishment. We would sleep in the igloos when the Moving Force arrived so that at least some of them could sleep indoors for the few days that they would be at Baker Lake.

Tuesday 26 February: Much milder today with maximum temperature −14F. Quite a difference from the days on the trail when we had to thaw out the anti-freeze before it would pour. Spent all morning with Dusty and S/L Joe Coombes the Norseman pilot getting the anemometer to read both speed and direction correctly. One of the newcomers is a cook so at least I don't have to make breakfast anymore. Wish I could get more than six hours sleep a night. Am starting to teach Bill Gunn and George Gullickson how to take the weather observations.

Wednesday 27 February: Another very stormy windy day with blowing snow keeping us all indoors. Only −12F though tonight. The cook makes a decided improvement in life here.

Thursday 28 February: Nice mild day today with maximum temperature −3F. Poor flying weather though with light snow off and on. Replaced the anemometer head, gears in old one were stripped. Could it be the high winds and low temperatures were too much for this model? Moving Force now about 75 miles out.

The Moving Force arrived in three sections overnight 1 and 2 March, four days behind schedule, tired but happy to get to Baker Lake. The 40 or so men made all accommodation very crowded. For the next five days it was windy with lots of blowing snow but not too cold (−28 to −11F), but RCAF and Army top officers managed to get in for a policy conference. Dr. Watson of National Research Council gave me another set of duties — taking snow tests for hardness, penetrability, size and type of crystal etc., to be done every week or after every blow. The Moving Force departed for Perry River on 6 March and Baker Lake returned to normal activities.

We soon began to speculate when we could leave. Our weather reports were still needed to provide en-route conditions for supply flights from Churchill to the Moving Force, and to fill in the huge empty space on weather maps of the N.W.T. for general forecasting

purposes, but the station was now established and the reports could be taken by any trained observer. However official wheels move slowly, possibly because of liaison problems at higher echelons, so we waited. Excerpts from the diary mark some of the high-lights.

Friday 8 March: Got up early for 3 A.M. weather for Churchill for a dawn flight to the Moving Force, and another report at 6 A.M. Had a mad chase over the ice of the lake for about an hour until 9 A.M. when one of two parachute drops burst the cardboard box and scattered mail for Chesterfield Inlet on a 25 mph wind at −25F. Hope we found it all. Our mail landed safely and I got five letters and a parcel from home.

Since arriving at Baker Lake the problem of obtaining water had been largely solved. The Eskimos had chiselled a hole through the lake ice (about three feet thick to the best of my recollection), so water was dipped out by pailsful into a drum on a sled behind a snow-mobile, transported to the house and into another drum in the kitchen. Cold work but much better than melting snow. In miserable weather, a contest seemed to develop to determine whether we or an Eskimo would go first to chisel out the night's accumulation of ice in the hole.

Sunday 10 March: Nice bright day although maximum temperature only −12F. Bill Cooke and I went to Eskimo church service at Anglican mission and really enjoyed it. They sing with gusto and obviously take it seriously. Rev. James is very fluent in Eskimo.

As we were chatting with Rev. James after the service, I looked out to see quite a number of the congregation, men, women and children, playing what looked like our old childhood game of "King of the Castle" on a small hillock. Great laughter and merriment as one person tried to hold the top against the efforts of the others to tumble him/her down. Quite a contrast to the rather staid after-church atmosphere down South.

Thursday 14 March: All the military personnel except Gullickson and Ricker left for Churchill and points south today, so now there are just the Signals Corp men, LeSueur and myself here. The place sure seems empty.

The emptiness was more than physical. After working so closely with six of the original seven-man Baker Lake Party for 2½ months in such close quarters and such harsh weather, it was a wonder that we were not all at each other's throats. I suspect that the trials of the 25 days on the trail had welded us into a team, each ready and willing to help the other.

Saturday 16 March: We are getting pretty well reorganized now. Cooking takes quite a bit of time and results are fairly encouraging so the life isn't too dull. Highlight of the day came in the evening when we had a bath in a borrowed tin tub. First since Churchill seven weeks ago. Sure feels nice to be relatively clean again but the water was not as dirty as I expected.

The weather was milder from 22 to 27 March with maximum temperatures above zero (F) and several falls of light fluffy snow which accumulated enough to make walking difficult. Sandy Lunan said it was also bad for the trappers as it covered the traps. He saw a snow-bird 22 March about two weeks ahead of normal, raising hopes for an early spring.

Thursday 28 March: Much colder again with a minimum temperature this morning of −30F and a 20 mph north wind. Had to punch a hole through the igloo wall to get out as snow had piled up over the door. A red-letter day though as my batch of four loaves came out of the oven and stayed up. I'm quite proud of it — well textured, good flavour and well browned. Ricker and I are now going to do all the cooking, the others to do all the dish-washing.

Sunday 31 March: Much milder today, 7 above F! Eight teams of Eskimos from the Back and Perry River area arrived for trading with a total of about 70 dogs. They sure make a racket when they expect food.

This was my first opportunity to observe the Eskimo technique in dog team travel. Six or eight dogs were hitched to the komatik by individual lines, forming a rough fan in front, quite different from the single-file technique of Indians in bush country. The komatiks were about two feet wide by sixteen feet long and piled two or three feet high with furs and gear. The wooden runners were covered with strips of seal skin which were iced to provide a smooth running surface. The driver maintained this ice layer by taking a mouthful of water, spitting it on a piece of fur and rubbing that along the runner.

One of the Eskimos had very Caucasian features, and I was quite surprised when I spoke to him to find that he spoke only Eskimo. Dr. John Rae established that Franklin's men had perished in the Back River area about 1850. Could it be possible that one of them left his genes there?

Tuesday 2 April: Blowing snow all day with wind up to 50 mph in gusts so no aircraft today. Our bread had both good results and bad; it turned out well and we put 5 loaves out in the igloo to freeze. Fifteen minutes later I went out and saw that a dog had broken in and eaten three of them. I hope he has a belly-ache! Now we'll have to bake again in a day or so.

The Baker Lake home, with igloo store rooms.

Thursday 4 April: Bill Cooke, Eric Carlson and Gunnar Ingebrigtson returned in a Norseman. Cookie to survey a site for a summer airstrip on the hillside across the cove; Eric and Gunnar to clear the snowdrifts from the lake strip so that Dakotas can land again. I have to be at Meteorological Conference in Edmonton on 5 May — leaving here as close to May as possible.

The functions of our establishment increased in early April with the installation of Loran equipment to improve air navigation in the Arctic. Lt. Art Myers of the U.S. Navy arrived to install the complex equipment which required high antennae. He had another talent — making a good sponge cake with chocolate icing. It disappeared quickly. His three Canadian Signals Corp men gave us a very full house again.

Temperatures were still in the thirty below range but milder weather followed a severe blizzard on 10 April. We had had no thawing conditions but the snow blocks supporting the Stevenson screen were suffering from wind erosion, so I used a discarded Loran crate to replace them.

Sunday 21 April: Easter Sunday was rather quiet. Five of us went to service at Anglican mission with Sandy Lunan, Mrs. Hamilton and Sally. We dressed up with shirts and ties for the occasion. Warmer today, (Maximum 22F), but very dull.

Tuesday 23 April: Ed Ricker and I climbed to the top of Pownatuk, the hill across the cove, this morning. It is 2½ miles away and 450 ft. high and the snow was pretty soft so we are weary tonight. I made the rounds of the local inhabitants this evening to say so-long.

Friday 26 April: Ricker pulled a good trick on me this morning — made up a fake message from Dr. How in Edmonton saying I'm to stay here another two weeks. I didn't react as glumly as he hoped — just sent off a quick reply saying I'm leaving on the next plane anyway. He had to "mislay" that message.

Saturday 27 April: Back in Churchill tonight. Gunnar Ingebrigtson and I came out in a Dakota after lunch. Took just three hours to fly as against the 25 day trek to Baker Lake by snow-mobile. The country that was so rugged and rocky to traverse looked so nice and smooth from the air.

Postscript:

What did Exercise Musk-Ox prove? No doubt the military have written extensive reports on many aspects of the exercise, but these are not available to me. The Moving Force made it safely around their prescribed route to Fort Nelson. That is another story. Perhaps we proved that we could move a party of men through the worst weather the North American continent can provide, but to my civilian mind, conventional surface warfare would be impossible as well as insane.

Personally, as a meteorologist my mind was opened to facets of arctic weather and weather observing that I had never dreamed of. Also I gained some insight into life in the arctic winter and a deep appreciation for those both native and white who lived there. But having said that, the five months can best be summed up as a great experience to look back on, but please, no repeats! ♦

Donald Storr was a meteorological officer with Exercise Musk-Ox. After a career as a research scientist and meteorologist he retired in 1975 to Salt Spring Island, British Columbia. He occasionally serves as a consultant.

Spaniards on the West Coast

By John Kendrick

Courtesy of Academico Gabriel Agraz Garcia de Alba

Portrait of Jose Maria Narvaez.

The first Europeans to see what is now the west coast of Canada, and the first to explore it, were Spanish naval officers and their largely Mexican crews, based on the port of San Blas on the west coast of Mexico. There are some famous names among these explorers; Bodega y Quadra who first landed on what the Spaniards called the northern coast of the Californias in 1775, Martinez who seized several ships belonging to a half pay lieutenant of the Royal Navy named John Meares in 1789, and Galiano who circumnavigated Vancouver Island in 1792, meeting the English commander George Vancouver along the way.

There are also some whose names are less well known; Perez who was the first to reach the northwest coast of America in 1774 (four years before Captain James Cook), Arteaga who reached the Aleutians in 1779, and Narvaez, who in the year 1791 explored what is now called the Strait of Georgia. Narvaez called it the *Gran Canal de Nuestra Senora del Rosario.* This name was too cumbersome to survive, but it seems unfortunate that Vancouver's name, the *Gulf* of Georgia has been abandoned. Narvaez made an important discovery, but he has been neglected in historical accounts.

Jose Maria Narvaez Gervete was born in Cadiz in 1765. He joined the Real Armada in 1782 as an unpaid apprentice. Nine months later he was enrolled as a "qualified third pilot." It is misleading to compare ranks in the Spanish Armada with English equivalents, but a *piloto* was junior to an *alferez*, which in turn was junior to a *teniente*, usually considered to be the lowest rank of *oficial del mar* or (one might say) commissioned officer.

It was not long before the seventeen year old Narvaez was in action. In October 1782, according to his service record in the Naval Museum in Madrid, his ship "joined the combined squadron commanded by His Excellency Luis de Cordova in pursuit of the English squadron and defeated it."

English history books give a different version. Lord Howe had escorted a supply convoy into Gibraltar, at that time under siege by Spanish forces, and was returning to England when he found himself to leeward of a Spanish squadron of superior strength. Instead of attacking Howe from their favoured windward position they just fired some shots at long range; Howe continued on his way without damage. There is no reason to choose either of these accounts as the most reliable.

Narvaez went to New Spain at the end of 1784, and was based in Havana until he was transferred to San Blas on the west coast of Mexico in 1787. By this time he had briefly commanded a brigantine in the Caribbean and had become a third pilot *del numero*, that is to say his name was on the Navy List.

Ministerio de Asuntos Exteriores, Madrid

Sardine fishing at Nootka 1792, an enhancement of a drawing by Atanasio Echeverria.

He started his slow climb up the promotion ladder when he was transferred, being listed as a qualified second pilot. San Blas was then at the height of its activity. It was the naval base for all ships in the North Pacific; this included the annual voyages to Manila, supply trips to the outposts in Alta California, and voyages of exploration to the Northern Coast. After Perez had made his first voyage to the north in 1774, followed by Bodega y Quadra and Arteaga in 1775 and 1779, there was a nine year gap, partly because Spain and England were at war during the later stages of the American Revolution.

A month after his arrival in San Blas in February 1788, Narvaez was on his way to the Aleutian Islands, as the junior officer in a storeship named *San Carlos*. For the next seven years, he was involved, always as a junior officer, in all the important events of the Spanish exploration and occupation of the west coast of present day Canada.

In 1789 Narvaez sailed north in the ship commanded by Esteban Jose Martinez. Their destination was Nootka, the site proposed for a Spanish settlement on the west coast of Vancouver Island. Narvaez was sent away exploring in a small schooner, and discovered the Strait of Juan de Fuca. Unfortunately it had already been discovered by several English fur traders during the previous two years. It was during this time that Martinez seized Meares's ships, which almost precipitated another war with England. At the end of the season, Martinez was ordered back to San Blas, without having made much progress towards building an outpost ashore.

In 1790, Francisco Eliza was ordered to go to Nootka to set up the outpost; Narvaez went with him and lived for the next two years on the Northern Coast. In 1791, Eliza was instructed to explore further into the Strait of Juan de Fuca, which had been examined as far as the San Juan Islands, east of the present city of Victoria, during the previous year. Eliza sailed into the Strait of Juan de Fuca, sending Narvaez to explore the inlets he passed on his way. Narvaez was given command of a small schooner. Its name is given as either *Santa Saturnina* or *Saturnina* with the alias *Orcasitas*. The alias is one of the many names of the Viceroy of New Spain, the Count of Revilla Gigedo. Unfortunately for the historian, there were two, or possibly three, different schooners with the name *Saturnina*, as well as another vessel called *Orcasitas* or *Horcasitas*. In Eliza's instructions, in his journal, and in the journal of the pilot Pantoja, there are references to a schooner brought to Nootka in frame and assembled there. This was probably the ship used by Narvaez.

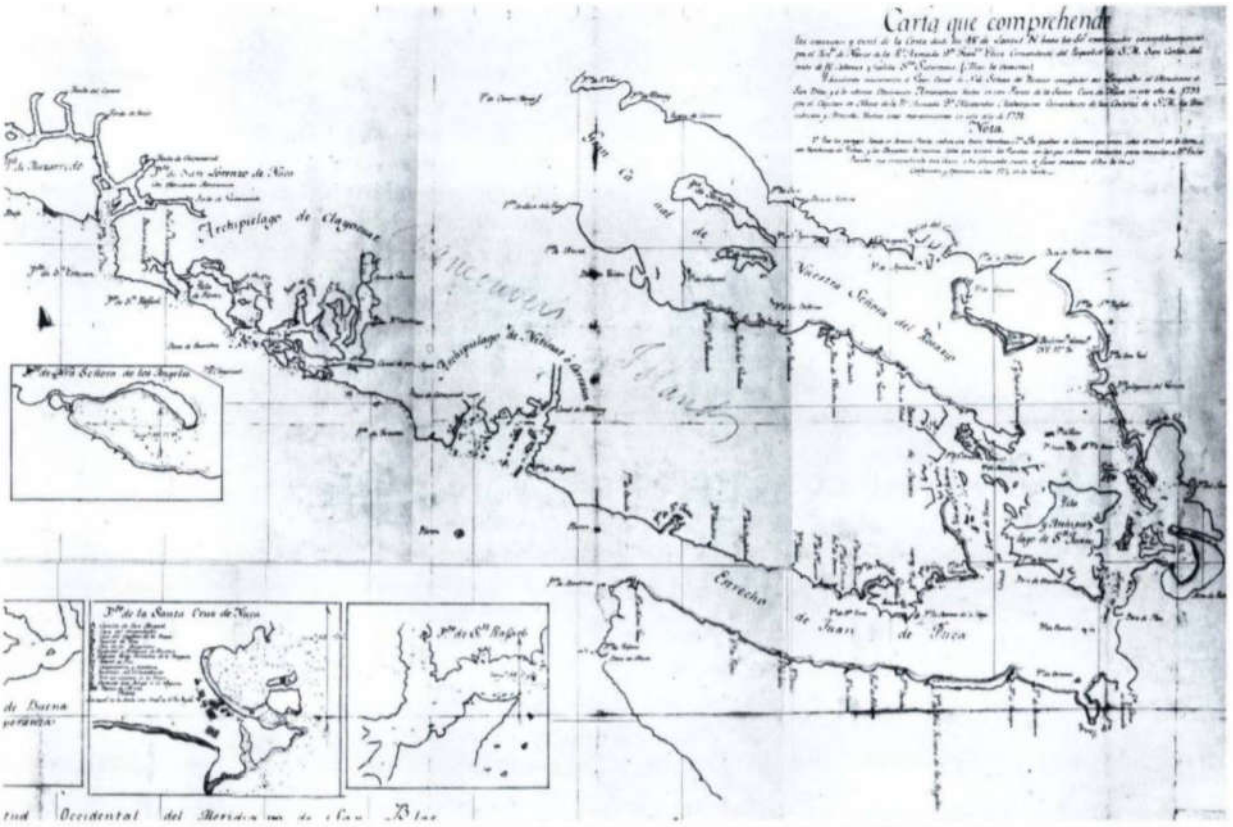

Carta que comprehende
Archipelago de Chapetons
Archipelago de Nuestra Señora del Rosario
Canal de Nuestra Señora del Rosario
Entrada de Juan de Fuca

Chart of the waters around Vancouver Island, based on explorations by Narvaez, Pantoja and others in 1791. The anchorage and soundings off the "Isla de Lagara" do not appear on the copy of the map from which this print was made. The original is in the Museo Naval, Madrid.

Narvaez explored the present Barkley Sound on the west coast of Vancouver Island, and joined Eliza at Cordoba (Esquimalt) when he had satisfied himself that the inlets opening into Barkley Sound were all "closed". The Spanish explorers were looking for the western entrance to the Northwest Passage; once they were satisfied that a particular inlet was "closed" they left it. Cordoba had been mapped and named by Manuel Quimper in the previous year before he turned back at the San Juan Islands.

Eliza moved his headquarters across the Strait to Puerto de Quadra, also discovered and named by Quimper, now Port Discovery. He sent Pantoja to explore the western passages through the San Juans in a launch, and on Pantoja's return Narvaez, still in command of *Saturnina*, was sent to explore the eastern channels. Eliza wrote the only surviving report of the explorations, and put his name on the map that was prepared, even though he did not do any exploring himself.

The course of Narvaez's voyage must be inferred from the "Eliza" map dated 1791. There is no known copy of a journal or map by Narvaez. A French traveller, Duflot de Mofras, reported that he met Narvaez at his home in Guadalajara in 1840. Duflot de Mofras wrote that Narvaez showed him his maps of the 1791 voyage, but after that the maps seem to have disappeared.

The map attributed to Eliza shows both shores of our Strait of Georgia to its northern end at Cape Lazo. Pantoja's map is crude and inaccurate, so the lost Narvaez map must be the source of the first reasonably good chart of the Strait of Georgia. On his launch expedition Pantoja could hardly have got beyond the southern part of the Gulf Islands, which are shown in some detail as far north as the southern part of Pender Island. Narvaez must have explored the mainland side all the way, probably on the way north, returning along the Vancouver Island shore as far south as Porlier Pass. Probably he then recrossed to the mainland before rejoining Eliza at Port Discovery.

The only dates for this voyage are in Eliza's report, which says Narvaez arrived back on 2 July after having spent eight days in the Gulf, or "La Gran Canal de Nuestra Senora del Rosario de la Marina" as Eliza referred to it. Eliza changed some of the names that had been assigned by Narvaez.

Although the course of Narvaez's voyage is unclear, the map defines its extent. Among other features it shows two islands at the mouth of a wide inlet, con-

John Meares, circa 1790, from his "Voyages".

nected by a broken shoreline. The islands were named Cepeda and Langara. They are our Point Roberts and Point Grey, the latter being the western tip of the city of Vancouver. An anchorage and some soundings are shown to the west of Point Grey.

Various stories about Narvaez have been told for which there is no evidence in the documents. One is that Narvaez ascended the Fraser River. This is unlikely. He would surely have known that Point Grey and Point Roberts were not islands if he had done so. He knew there was a river between them because he found the water was fresh some distance offshore.

Another story is that Narvaez explored Burrard Inlet. The map does not suggest this. The northern entrance at Point Atkinson is shown on the map, with another point to the east that could have been Stanley Park, which Narvaez may have mistakenly thought to be a part of the northern shore of the inlet.

Eliza's report to the Viceroy said that if there was a western entrance to the passage to the Atlantic it must lie in the inlet behind these islands. This is why Galiano and Valdes were sent to the area the next year, and this is how they came to meet Vancouver near the anchorage shown by Narvaez. Vancouver was travelling by boat, and was returning to his ships, which were anchored in a bay to the south, after exploring Burrard and other inlets.

Following his return to Mexico from Nootka in 1792, Narvaez made voyages to Manila and California, then in 1795 he was involved in the last act of the Spanish government on the Canadian west coast. After Martinez had seized Meares's ships in 1789, the famous "Nootka affair" erupted. England threatened war. Spain, having lost its alliance with Louis XVI through the French Revolution, decided to capitulate, agreeing to restore British property and pay damages to Meares.

By the time the negotiations were over, England had taken alarm at the success of the revolution in France, following so soon after another successful one in the United States. Instead of going to war against Spain, England became Spain's ally in a war against France. The Nootka Convention had to be revised; both countries agreed to withdraw from the west coast north of the Spanish posts in California. First there must be a symbolic restitution, for which purpose a British representative was sent to Nootka. The only way to get there was to take a Spanish ship, so a certain Lieutenant Pierce of the Royal Marines showed up in San Blas after a year in transit. It was just at the end of 1794. The brigantine *Activo* took Pierce to Nootka. Narvaez, who had recently qualified as a first pilot, was aboard the *Activo*. They arrived at Nootka, the Spanish flag was lowered, the English flag was raised — then it was lowered again and they all left.

Narvaez spent the rest of his naval career in the Department of San Blas, making many voyages to California and Manila. He became an *alferez de fragata* in 1806. Occasionally he commanded a ship, but more often he was employed as a purser or as the captain's secretary.

The first revolutionary upheavals in New Spain started in 1810. Narvaez stayed with the Spanish side until 1819, when his Spanish service record ends. He had been in Mexico for over thirty years, his wife was Mexican, and he joined the revolution at about that time. When Iturbide created a Mexican navy, Narvaez joined it, retiring in 1831 at the age of sixty-six with the rank of *capitan de fragata*, a junior captain. His career still was not finished. He undertook to bring the map of the state of Jalisco up to date, and saw it reissued just before his death in 1840.

Narvaez did not have a meteoric career in the navies of Spain or Mexico; most of his many voyages were supply trips to the various Spanish outposts in the Caribbean and Pacific and later to Mexican California. His career was rediscovered in Mexico in 1977 mainly because one of his descendants was Juan Lopez Portillo, then President of the Republic. In Canada, a street in Vancouver and a plaque mentioning his name are the only remembrances of the first European to see the place. ♦

John Kendrick is the author of "The Men with Wooden Feet — The Spanish Exploration of the Pacific Northwest". He is currently engaged on research for the Canadian Museum of Civilization.

Keepers of the Flame

By Peter C. Newman

THE APPRENTICE'S TALE
By Hugh Mackay Ross. Watson & Dwyer Publishing, Winnipeg, 1986. 192 pp., illus. $27.50 cloth; $12.50 paper.

Hugh Mackay Ross with Jimmy Stewart, Temagami, 1940.

Reading this gentle book of reminiscences by Hugh Mackay Ross, who spent forty-seven years in the Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay, I kept wondering why I felt so strongly that I was studying an important document. Certainly it wasn't the language or contents that captivated me. The book is written in a flat, matter-of-fact, almost police blotter style that tells the story with no flourishes and a minimum of excursions to Roget's Thesaurus. The Tale itself is a sequence of fairly prosaic chapters starting with Ross's arrival from Scotland at the HBC post in Grassy Narrows, Ontario, as an apprentice clerk. He marries, moves on to the Company store at Bear Island in Lake Temagami, carries on the trade and after a few more Prairie postings moves to Head Office at Winnipeg.

Nothing much happens.

And yet this book is worthy of being praised as a document in the very best sense of that word, because it portrays — accurately and evocatively — a way of life.

In my current research on the history of the Hudson's Bay Company, I have read at least four dozen similar books and appreciated them all. It took that cumulative effort to understand what these books are really about. They portray honest men doing good things — expending long, slow lives in the often uninspiring and occasionally dreary service of a company that has yet to win any awards for Applied Altruism. Sooner or later, these servants at the HBC reach the conclusion that their sense of integrity and loyalty must have its own reward. Part of that process — an essential catharsis — is to tell the world what happened. How they resisted the temptations of cheating either the Company or the Indians; how they helped make hardship posts a little more pleasant — that they maintained the faith; became keepers of the flame.

Ross was of that vintage and his story is very much in that mould. At one level, he provides a practical description of what his tiny post was really like, right down to listing what was kept on its shelves. Perry Davis's Pain Killer, Minard's Liniment, Eclectic Oil, Carter's Little Liver Pills, Gin Pills (which caused the urine to turn green and delighted the Indians), Beecham's Pills and Dodd's Kidney Pills.

More interesting is the cadence of seasons passing that he catches — the magic of watching a river break up in spring, or hearing a loon's lonely lullaby: "Once heard, this cry is never forgotten;" he writes. "A long, melancholy wail, bursting suddenly into a shriek of maniacal laughter. Even today, when I hear it, I get shivers up my spine,

for it brings back almost forgotten memories. The cry of the loon, to me, is the call of Canada."

Ross meets no outlaws (though in one improbable coincidence Hollywood actor Jimmy Stewart turns up at his trading post and Ross, who hasn't seen a movie for half a decade, doesn't recognize him or even know his name) and battles no hungry wolves — but he does invent a better mousetrap: "Using a large ten-gallon pail, half filled with water, I laid narrow pieces of board against it. Then I dangled a juicy piece of salt pork from a nail, directly over the pail. When the mice smelled the pork, they ran up the boards to get at it, and overbalancing, fell into the water and drowned."

The book's most dramatic moment comes when Ross is alone in the wilderness, hacking fire wood, and puts an axe though his foot. The blood won't stop, so he stitches the wound all by himself. This he does using whisky as an antiseptic — distributed equally over the wound and down his throat. This man is a bear for punishment. On his next trip to Winnipeg he pays his tri-annual visit to a dentist and emerges a week later with sixteen gold and six silver fillings plus two extractions.

The Apprentice's Tale also affords some rare glimpses into Indian life, including a moving description of a typical Treaty Day and the tricky protocol involved in eating a boiled moose nose which, in shuddering retrospect, he describes as "a horrible, glutinous, grey chunk." (The best way to catch a bull moose, incidentally, is not only to blow through a moose horn, but to have a kettle full of water along and pour its contents from shoulder high to the ground — in a steady, noisy stream. Well, you get the idea. . . .)

Like most traders of his generation, Ross learned his customers' language (Ojibway) dealing fairly but firmly for furs, especially the low grades: "My method was to set what I thought was a fair price for such a skin and not to budge from it. I would sooner lose a poor skin than overpay for it and thus reduce any profit that would be made on the good skins. Mostly, the trappers accepted my valuations and seemed to think that I knew what I was doing."

It was a very personal business: "It wasn't long before freeze-up came again. I was marooned until the ice became thick enough for winter travelling. After a few weeks, trappers began drifting down from the north. They only brought sufficient furs with them to cover the price of the necessities they were short of. Usually they arrived in the evening and slept in my house. Before trading, they had a meal of a half can of beans per man, four ship's biscuits, some lard, jam and all the tea they could drink. It was considered polite by the Indians to eat everything that was placed in front of them, hence the rationing. Once the meal was finished we proceeded with the trading. If there was any credit balance left, the trapper was given a credit note which was redeemable either at the outpost or at Grassy Narrows. With business concluded, the trappers lay down on the floor to sleep."

And that is how it was with the Company of Adventurers one memory ago.

Peter C. Newman will publish Caesars of the Wilderness, the second volume of his history of the Hudson's Bay Company, in October 1987. The first volume, Company of Adventurers, was published in 1985.

Symbol of the West

By Laird Rankin

PRAIRIE GIANTS

Compiled by Hans Dommasch. Western Producer Prairie Books, Saskatoon, 1986. 127 pp., illus. $29.95.

It is a wonder that this book — a handsome tribute to the Prairie grain elevator — was not published ages ago. After all, this imposing, architectural symbol of the West has been around for a century. What is more amazing is that this book was not conceived and executed by a native Westerner. Instead, it has taken a German-born Canadian to recognize and celebrate what we took for granted.

Hans Dommasch is a professional photographer who became a Canadian citizen in 1961. He found the grain elevator unique. To him, "Their impressive size and colour against the earth and sky made them excellent subjects to photograph." And that is what he did over the next fifteen years.

Prairie Giants represents the fruits of Dommasch's odyssey. It is a collection of superb photographs that capture quality, care, craftsmanship and considerable love of subject. We are given a glimpse of the elevator's past and shown its symmetry on the present prairie landscape. There is a section of stunning seasonal shots. On a more sombre note, in "Cycles of Life", we see the elevator at the height of its glory and, today, on the verge of extinction. Thanks to Dommasch, and artists like the late Walter J. Phillips, this endangered species has been immortalized.

An inspired design and layout and a most readable essay on elevators complement Dommasch's photographs. In the latter, Brock V. Silversides documents the history, function and aesthetics of the elevator. It is an interesting overview with an oversight: we are told nothing about author Silversides. Despite that small criticism, *Prairie Giants* is a superior publication that represents no small feat — a beautiful art book out of the ungainly Prairie grain bin.

Laird Rankin is a Winnipeg author and free-lance writer.

The Magic of Metal

By David Watmough

BILL REID

By Doris Shadbolt. Douglas & McIntyre, Vancouver and Toronto, 1986. 192 pp., illus. $60.00.

This extraordinarily handsome book by the distinguished critic and curator, Doris Shadbolt, is a worthy tribute to the life and influence of the west coast sculptor and jeweller whose Haida ancestry, stemming from his mother, has informed not only his own work but many of our perceptions of the past and current force of Northwest Indian art.

Because of the initial efforts of anthropologists in the field which focused attention on Haida enterprise and gave stimulus to Reid, the author has been concerned to rescue him from the reek of academe, as it were. She has successfully sought in these pages to reveal him as an untrammelled artist who, while drawing inestimable sustenance of vision and craft from his Haida forebears, remains his own man, essentially doing his "own thing".

In her balanced yet lucid style we are presented with Bill Reid the one time CBC Radio announcer, restless traveller, acidly sophisticated observer, doughty fighter of a debilitating disease, and latterday champion of Haida land claims in such places as South Moresby in the Queen Charlottes.

This could not have been an easy book to write. Your reviewer (who can claim slight acquaintance with its subject extending over twenty-five years) is keenly aware that Bill Reid is a shy man who has learned to protect his vulnerability with several layers of reticence. The reader, therefore, is doubly indebted to Mrs. Shadbolt, who, through having known the artist socially and professionally for an even longer period, has allowed him to reveal himself in a manner he is likely to do for very few people.

If this is a "coffee table book" in lavish format and price, it is not in terms of Mrs. Shadbolt's account and penetrating evaluation of Reid's work in its personal and twentieth century context as well as the resurrected Haida one.

We have here no case of words just merely filling in the space between the pictures. Indeed, the study or den is a better place to absorb this volume than at the coffee table. It is a serious enterprise amply repaying serious concentration.

Western pride demands allusion to the superlative production standards that the Vancouver publisher has employed. All the illustrations have patently been selected with immense care so that they truly serve the accompanying text. But rising above all such considerations are the facsimiles of Reid's objects worked in gold. It is rare that the sheer magic of the metal stares up so palpably from the printed sheet.

Praiseful and praiseworthy though the volume *Bill Reid* indubitably is, it is no syrupy paeon of an artist or yet another regurgitation of guilt over native Indians in the cliched liberal tradition that has become such a bore when it's not downright patronizing to indigenous peoples.

Bill Reid's own clearsightedness and sometimes painful honesty of reflection is just as dutifully recorded as the sadness that issues from lost and ravaged artifacts from a past age. The dexterous balance of such constituents is a further contribution to the provocation and excitement this unusual book delivers.

David Watmough is a Vancouver writer and critic. His latest novel, The Year of Fears, will be published by Mosaic in the autumn of 1987.

Out-of-Print
Canadian Books, Pamphlets and Periodicals

History
Literature
Biography
Exploration
Art etc.

Catalogues Free on Request

Huronia-Canadiana Books
(Helen & John Wray)
705-435-7255
Box 685, Alliston, Ontario L0M 1A0

TONI ONLEY

WATERCOLOURS
FROM 1986 VOYAGE
INTO THE
CANADIAN ARCTIC

(SEE APRIL/MAY ISSUE THE BEAVER)

WATERCOLOURS
OILS
PRINTS

FOR INFORMATION:
Kenneth Heffel Fine Art
2247 Granville Street
Vancouver B.C. V6H 3G1
(204) 732-6505

Art on The Coast

By Douglas Cole

ART OF THE NORTHERN TLINGIT

By Aldona Jonaitis. University of Washington Press, Seattle, 1986. 250 pp., illus. $30.00.

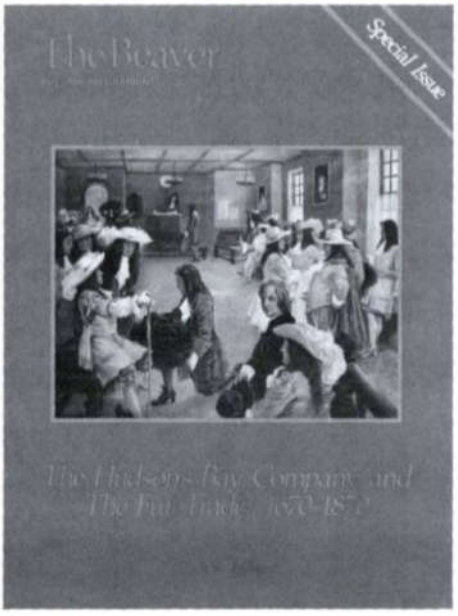
The art of the Northwest Coast is impressive and complex. Wrapped in a cosmology and symbolism exotic to the twentieth century Western mind, no one, not even the modern descendants of its practitioners, understands it.

We can certainly appreciate its style and form. Modernists in this century rediscovered the "primitive" and expressionism and abstractionism expanded our tolerance of stylization and distortion. Primitive art has, more or less, been incorporated into the Western canon and art museums around the world are tempted into displaying and collecting the anonymous production of the Haida, Ife, and Inca alongside those of China, Crete, and Egypt. Yet we do not really *know* Northwest Coast and other examples of "primitive" art in the same sense as we know Rubens and Titian, Turner and Olitski, Carr and Wieland.

Only recently have attempts been made to describe the principles and to penetrate the meaning of Northwest Coast art. Franz Boas pioneered study with his *Decorative Art of the Indians of the North Pacific Coast* in 1897 and his student Herman Haeberlin expanded the conception by arguing in 1918 that Indian artists possessed both individuality and artistic imagination and that study of their work required a realization that there was an "essential identity of problems in primitive art and our own." Only in 1965, however, did Bill Holm, in his remarkable *Northwest Coast Indian Art: An Analysis of Form*, give us a thorough study of the formal principles of at least the north coast style.

Meaning and symbolism has been a more difficult problem than form and style. Led by Claude Lévi-Strauss, a number of writers have linked the art to mythic patterns that express aspects of the complex structure of native society. Others have related the meaning more directly to shamanic spirit power. Aldona Jonaitis's *Art of the Northern Tlingit* is part of this search for meaning and significance in Coastal Indian art.

Jonaitis's work is valuable both for its description of Tlingit art and for her differentiation between art that was secular and that which was sacred. Secular art was carving, painting, and textiles that enhanced the social life within a village. It was human-oriented and existed within the secular universe that was controllable by human rules. Sacred art,



THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY AND THE FUR TRADE 1670-1870

By GLYNDWR WILLIAMS

86 pages. Illustrated

The reprint edition of the Autumn 1983 issue of *The Beaver* is now available at the following prices:

Orders of	1 - 9 copies	$5.00 each
	10 - 49 copies	$4.00 each
	50 or more	$3.00 each

Prices include postage and handling.

Send cheque or money order payable to

THE BEAVER,
77 Main Street
Winnipeg, Man.
Canada R3C 2R1

on the other hand, was the array of articles used by the shaman and was governed by spiritual forces outside the human domain. Some motifs — raven, frog, and crane, for example — were used in both realms of art, but others — such as the river otter, the octopus, and the oystercatcher— were almost exclusively shamanic.

Within this secular/sacred distinction, Jonaitis weaves an ingenious and complex web of symbolism. Essentially, secular art reflected the hierarchical and exchange systems which were intrinsic to the structure of Tlingit society. When a Raven family displayed its crest art at a potlatch, it was presenting symbols of its power, prestige, wealth, and history. Art symbolized the distinction between elite and commoner. At the same time, however, it represented the reciprocal complimentarity of society since the opposing Wolf moeity had obligatorily produced the art and were present at its display as part of an ongoing series of validations of each other's worth.

Sacred art worked outside society, but mediated between social order and supernatural caprice. It too reflected, yet more symbolically, principles of heirarchy and complimentarity. The end result was that "the northern Tlingit elite and the shaman, by carrying, manipulating, and displaying their art, maintained their own position within society and thus strengthened their ability to perpetuate the culture."

The average reader can profit greatly by the clear description of Tlingit social and sacred art and of their use. The portions of the book which contain the argumentation about meaning and significance are far harder, at least for the more literal-minded. The thesis is based upon symbolism, analogy, possibility, ideographic hypothesis, and iconographic inquiry — and a great deal of speculative imagination. Dr. Jonaitis displays a dazzlingly ingeneous mind, bright and even blinding. A careful reading has its reward for the argument is always suggestive and often persuasive.

Douglas Cole is the author of a recent biography of Franz Boas, published by Douglas & McIntyre. He teaches at Simon Fraser University, Burnaby, British Columbia.

Into the Valley of Dullness

By J.M. Bumsted

The common notion that there was once a Golden Age of Canadian History when the bulk of the scholarship was thoroughly researched and, though being well-written, was also accessible to the general reader, is a load of rubbish. Proportionately, as much or more unreadable history was produced 50 or 75 years ago as today. What has changed is the base upon which the proportions are calculated. Even 25 years ago it was possible for the energetic academic historian or history buff to contemplate reading *everything* being written on or about Canadian history, good or bad. Today, Canadian history is a morass of subfields and subdisciplines, with journals proliferating and almost anyone setting up as a publisher.

Equally mythical is any idea that the present deep division between the academic and non-academic wings of history is something new. It has always been around, although the expansion of the doctorate, especially as offered by Canadian universities, has much to answer for. The Canadian Ph.D., an amalgamation of the worst features of the British and American equivalents, insists on beating any literary style or intelligence out of its successful recipients. What is desired are clones of the existing professoriate, often possessors of ponderous pretentious writing styles and purveyors of half-baked ideas stolen from last year's American or European scholarship. But I digress.

Canadian historical scholarship now intimidates through sheer bulk as well as through abysmal dullness and complexity, despite efforts in some quarters to improve matters. The books herein considered — a semi-random sample of what a journal like *The Beaver* gets sent for review every few months, are illustrative of the problems.

Some publishers are clearly trying to reach out to the general audience, although with little notion of what that audience wants. James Lorimer's "Canadian Issues" series, which has recently added Kenneth Coates' *Canada's Colonies* to its list, is an example of such publisher initiative. As the series title suggests, introducing key issues currently facing Canadians is the game. Clearly the northern territories are a potentially live issue, although their history probably is not. In any event, the author has written a political/administrative account with one eye on the present. Like most such books, it is probably of some value to those neophytes who might stumble across it.

In a similar but less formal way, Hurtig Publishers have been commissioning and producing provincial and regional histories in an obvious search for the larger market. Robert Bothwell's *A Short History of Ontario* is self-confessedly political/constitutional in its emphasis, and only demonstrates why Ontario has not had more such books written about it in the past. It turns out that the political and constitutional history of Ontario reads a lot like the larger history of Canada enshrined in the textbooks of earlier generations.

In an even less specific way, Western Producer Prairie Books have obviously intended Richard Thomas Wright's *Overlanders* for

the general market. A blow-by-blow account of the potentially interesting tale of those individuals who chose to travel across Canada to reach the B.C. goldfields, this book is apparently not by an academic, but by an enthusiast suffering from a similar disease: a congenital inability to discard a single note-card or piece of information once gathered. The publisher needed to exercise a strong control here and didn't. The result is a book far too long, far too detailed, and far too unsystematically organized. It also reminds us that distance from the academy does not guarantee readability.

The next three books offer examples of academic publishing in some of its various guises. W. Raymond Wood and Thomas D. Thiessen edit and introduce some fur trade narratives in *Early Fur Trade on the Northern Plains*. Most have been published before, but never with such loving scholarship. It is worth remembering that the 49th parallel did not become an international boundary until 1818, if then. For the reader interested in the early prairie fur trade, especially south of the 49th, this book is a must. For others, it is academic overkill.

Kenneth Donovan's *Cape Breton at 200* uses a bicentennial as an excuse to reprint some academic monographs about Cape Breton history. None are dreadful, but there are few common themes beyond the regional emphasis and none are particularly memorable either. A. A. Mackenzie's contribution, "Cape Breton and the Western Harvest Excursions, 1910-1928", even has some western interest, although on a subject much studied. Mackenzie's conclusion suggests that Cape Bretoners saw Western Canada as merely a place to make the money to finance a move to the "Boston States", but this observation is merely a throw-away line unproved in the essay.

W.L. Mackenzie King

More immediately interesting to readers of this journal, although far more technical, are the essays in the *festschrift* edited by Duncan Cameron, *Explorations in Canadian Economic History*. A number of these items are of considerable value to the western history buff, but it has to be said that economists and economic historians make even fewer concessions to the general reader than the average academic historian. Nevertheless, the essays by Arthur J. Ray, Cornelius J. Jaenen, and Carol M. Judd, all on the fur trade, are particularly useful

CAPE BRETON AT 200
Historical Essays in Honour of the Island's Bicentennial 1785-1985

Edited by Kenneth Donovan, University College of Cape Breton Press, Sydney, 1985. 261 pp. $24.95 cloth, $14.50 paper.

EXPLORATIONS IN CANADIAN ECONOMIC HISTORY
Essays in Honour of Irene M. Spry

Edited by Duncan Cameron, University of Ottawa Press, Ottawa, 1985. 330 pp. $30.00.

CANADA 1922-1939
Decades of Discord

By John Herd Thompson with Allen Seager. McClelland and Stewart, Toronto, 1985. 438 pp., illus. $39.95.

DISCOVERY OF THE NORTH
The Exploration of Canada's Arctic

By Daniel Francis. Hurtig Publishers, Edmonton, 1986. 224 pp. $16.95.

CANADA'S COLONIES
A History of the Yukon and Northwest Territories

By Kenneth Coates. James Lorimer & Company, Publishers, Toronto, 1985. 251 pp. $6.95 paper, $15.95 cloth.

A SHORT HISTORY OF ONTARIO

By Robert Bothwell. Hurtig Publishers Ltd., Edmonton, 1986. 222 pp. $24.95 cloth, $13.95 paper.

OVERLANDERS

By Richard Thomas Wright. Western Producer Prairie Books, Saskatoon, 1985. 310 pp., illus. $19.95.

EARLY FUR TRADE ON THE NORTHERN PLAINS
Canadian Traders Among the Mandan and Hidatsa Indians, 1738-1818

Edited and introduced by W. Raymond Wood and Thomas D. Thiessen. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1985. 353 pp. $29.95.

A MESSAGE TO OUR READERS

From time to time *The Beaver* exchanges its mailing list with other publications. As a subscriber to *The Beaver* you may request that your name be excluded from such exchanges by writing to *The Beaver*, Circulation Department, 77 Main Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R3C 2R1.

and deserve exhumation from this collection.

I saved the two best for last. Not that John Herd Thompson with Allen Seager (honest, that is the authorial credit) in *Canada 1922-1939* hasn't written academic history. But the book does represent that increasingly rare animal: the attempt at the middle level synthesis of existing monographic literature, and it does focus on a critical period in Canadian historical development. The academic specialists can admire the way the author(s) have crafted much very specific and narrow monographic material into a coherent whole, and if they have not succeeded in making the result totally compelling, they have tried to be both accurate and interesting. The book is not an easy read, and it would have benefitted from being peopled with a few more live Canadians other than W. L. M. King, whose diary is quoted to great effect. But the work will repay a special effort, and offers the perfect illustration of well-done academic history.

Discovery of the North by Daniel Francis is perfect popular history. Francis no doubt has some academic training, which the need to earn a living has helped overcome. In any case, he has chosen a topic of mythic proportions peopled by a succession of fascinating and eccentric personalities — you have to be more than half crazy to want to be an Arctic explorer. Francis succeeds in preventing the lunatics from taking over completely, and his authorial voice is authoritative. While not as long as Peter C. Newman's recent history of the Hudson's Bay Company, this book is a much better example of how to craft popular history. A good read which will inform even those who know the territory well.

Now, if we could only combine the academic qualities of Thompson with the feeling for personality of Francis. . . .

J.M. Bumsted teaches history at the University of Manitoba.

Eating at Louisbourg

FROM THE HEARTH: Recipes from the World of 18th-Century Louisbourg. By Hope Dunton with A.J.B. Johnston. The University College of Cape Breton Press, Sydney. 115 pp., illus. $12.95 paper.

Eighteenth century cookery and eighteenth century appetites tend to appear exotic — even alarming — to the modern lover of good food. Did they use forks, we wonder, or did they eat with their hands? Wasn't there something about chamber pots in the sideboard and chunks of meat hurled to the dogs?

We got the impression — often erroneous — that diners in the century before the last devoured prodigeous amounts of food and that the preparation of that food was complicated in the extreme, involving a handful of this, a hogshead of that and possibly a pinch of ground mummy or a sheep's eye to top it all off.

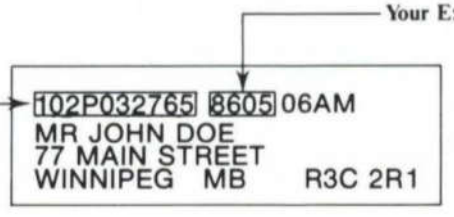
They ate and drank well when they could in the eighteenth century, although even Dr. Johnson, who is always thought of as swallowing large amounts of roast beef and old port, often went to bed after a frugal meal of bread and milk.

Eighteenth century cookery need not be alarming, as the authors of *From the Hearth* — a collection of recipes from eighteenth century Louisbourg and the French world beyond — prove convincingly. A modern cook may shrink from preparing a meal at the fireplace, but it can be done. Most of these recipes, in fact, can be prepared using modern cooking methods and the authors have, through trial and error, refined the old recipes and brought measurements to a standard that even the most timid modern cook will understand. The foods included touch on everything from sauces and drinks to soup, fish, meat and eggs.

These may or may not be the recipes regularly employed by thrifty housewives in the eighteenth century. Many of them, no doubt, were employed by professional cooks at home or down the street at the bake shop (take-home food is far from a modern invention), but we can cook them and enjoy something of the simple heartiness that pleased the hungry two centuries ago.

Attractively presented and illustrated, *From the Hearth* deserves a place in Canadian kitchens. — **C.D.**

How to read your Mailing Label


Your Expiry Date.
102P032765 8605 06AM
MR JOHN DOE
77 MAIN STREET
WINNIPEG MB R3C 2R1
Your Subscription Identification Number.
When making an inquiry about your subscription, please send us a recent mailing label, or the information exactly as shown on the label, including this number.

The numbers represent the year and month. For example 8605 = 1986, Oct./Nov. (5th issue of the year).

Issue 1 = Feb./Mar.
2 = Apr./May
3 = June/July
4 = Aug./Sept.
5 = Oct./Nov.
6 = Dec./Jan.

Remembering Wilson MacDonald

Vancouver journalist Trevor Lautens, a regular reader of *The Beaver* and an occasional Beaver book-reviewer, has something to add to Cheryl MacDonald's article on the late Canadian poet Wilson MacDonald (*The Beaver* April/May 1987). Lautens writes: "One of my earliest newspaper efforts was an interview with Wilson MacDonald, round about 1957 or 1958, I think, and only retrospectively did I find that he was just the sort of egotistical old humbug who quite confirms a silly young man's idea of what a poet is more or less like, and thus corrupts him even further than his native silliness has already done. I had read The Song of the Ski and perhaps not much else and somehow learned that he was still hanging on to life and visited him in his quite unpoetic Toronto apartment.

"He gave me a slim volume of his verse, beautifully produced in a campy sort of way, and an inscription that read something like: May life grant you a Seaward Look. The closest I have come to such a state is the acquisition of a house close to the water from the bedroom of which, if you nail your feet to the ceiling and while thus suspended scrunch your head in and a little sideways on a clear day in the non-foliage months, allows you a brief glimpse every two hours between 8:21 a.m. and 8:21 p.m. of the Nanaimo ferry." — **C.D.**

Big Bang

I am writing in response to the article entitled "The Greenhill Park Disaster" (*The Beaver* April/May 1987).

When the explosion that rocked the Greenhill Park occurred, I was in grade four in school in downtown Vancouver getting ready to leave the premises for lunch. The explosion blew in the windows and showered our desks with plaster. Quite a bit of excitement followed and, after a short delay, we were advised to go home and leave the downtown area because there were thoughts that more explosions would occur. We, of course, did the opposite trying to get as close to the fire as possible. We spent most of that afternoon avoiding both the City and CPR Police to get the best possible view.

I had completely forgotten this incident until I read John Stanton's vivid description of the accident.

C.A. Charles,
Kelowna.

Matcha!

With reference to the letter in the April/May issue, from John Moore of Udora, Ontario, regarding "mushing along the trail":

During the years 1930-41 when I was actively trading with the Ojibway in Northern Ontario — including driving dogs — the universal command to start was "Matcha", the imperative form of the Ojibway verb "Matchan", to go. When used sharply, it usually came out as "Matcn". This was the same from Minaki, White Dog, on Man Lake, Grassy Narrows in North West Ontario to Tamagami in the North. "Matchan" is a common verb in the Ojibway language and I used it when asking trappers when they were leaving for the bush "Anapay Ki Ga-Matcha-Na Nopoming? — the "Ga" being the future tense and "Na" the interrogative: or when I asked a man if he wanted to go down to the track for the mail — "Ki Wi-Macha-Na Meekona Paytun Man-si-nay-can-an?" the "Wi" meaning "do you want" and again "Na" interrogative.

Now dog teams are a thing of the past. I wonder what the present-day Ojibway says when he wants to start up a reluctant skidoo — probably swears at it in English.

Hugh M. Ross,
Winnipeg.

★

It was with pleasure and surprise that I found the article on Wilson MacDonald. It was most interesting and prompted me to look for my copy of *The Flagon of Beauty*. Mr. MacDonald came to Cobalt, Ontario, on 19 September 1933, and I purchased a copy of his poetry.

He autographed my "First Edition" in his distinctive handwriting as follows:

Gladys Duncan
May the cellars of your heart be richly stored with the wines of beauty. September 19th, 1933

The inside front and back covers are beautifully designed, the focal point being 3 candles and the words

"By my bed tonight Three candles burn".

As mentioned in the article, his delivery was superb; he would whisper, or roar, chant, and sometimes almost sing his verses, and his performance beguiled thousands, myself included.

I would be pleased if you would convey my thanks to Cheryl MacDonald for her excellent article.

The Beaver has brought me a great deal of pleasure as well as increasing my knowledge of Canada.

Gladys MacDonald
(nee Duncan),
Kirkland Lake.

CANADIAN LANDSCAPES

Images of Canada by Peter and Traudl Markgraf

Acknowledged by their peers and by collectors as outstanding silk screen artists, Peter and Traudl Markgraf have produced many beautiful images of Canada.
Each of the nine images offered here is marked by exceptional expertise in shading and flawless screening technique.
Each of these images was a sellout in its original form.
You may now purchase high quality lithographic reproductions of these images for your home or office or as a thoughtful gift. Each image is reproduced on heavy stock and is unconditionally guaranteed.

A Low Tide

B Summer Morning

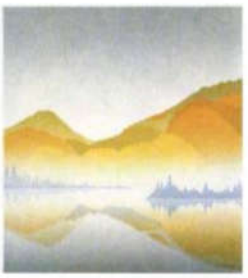
C Sakinaw Lake

D Early Frost

E Summer Rain

F Cove

G Port Moody



H Indian Summer

I Sunday Night

A	B G H	C F	D E I
Sheet Size 18" x 18½" (46 x 47 cm)	Sheet Size 18" x 20½" (46 x 52 cm)	Sheet Size 25½" x 19" (65 x 48 cm)	Sheet Size 24" x 19" (61 x 48 cm)
Image Size 14" x 14" (36 x 36 cm)	Image Size 14" x 16" (36 x 41 cm)	Image Size 20" x 14" (51 x 36 cm)	Image Size 20" x 14" (51 x 36 cm)

Please send me the following Markgraf print reproductions at $23.95 each or $88.00 for any four, plus $4.95 for handling and shipping (overseas: $7.50). Ontario residents please add 7% sales tax to combined cost of print(s) plus shipping/handling.

Indicate quantities: A B C D E F G H I

Cheque or money order to Alumni Media Enclosed:

Charge to my MasterCard, Visa or American Express Account No. | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

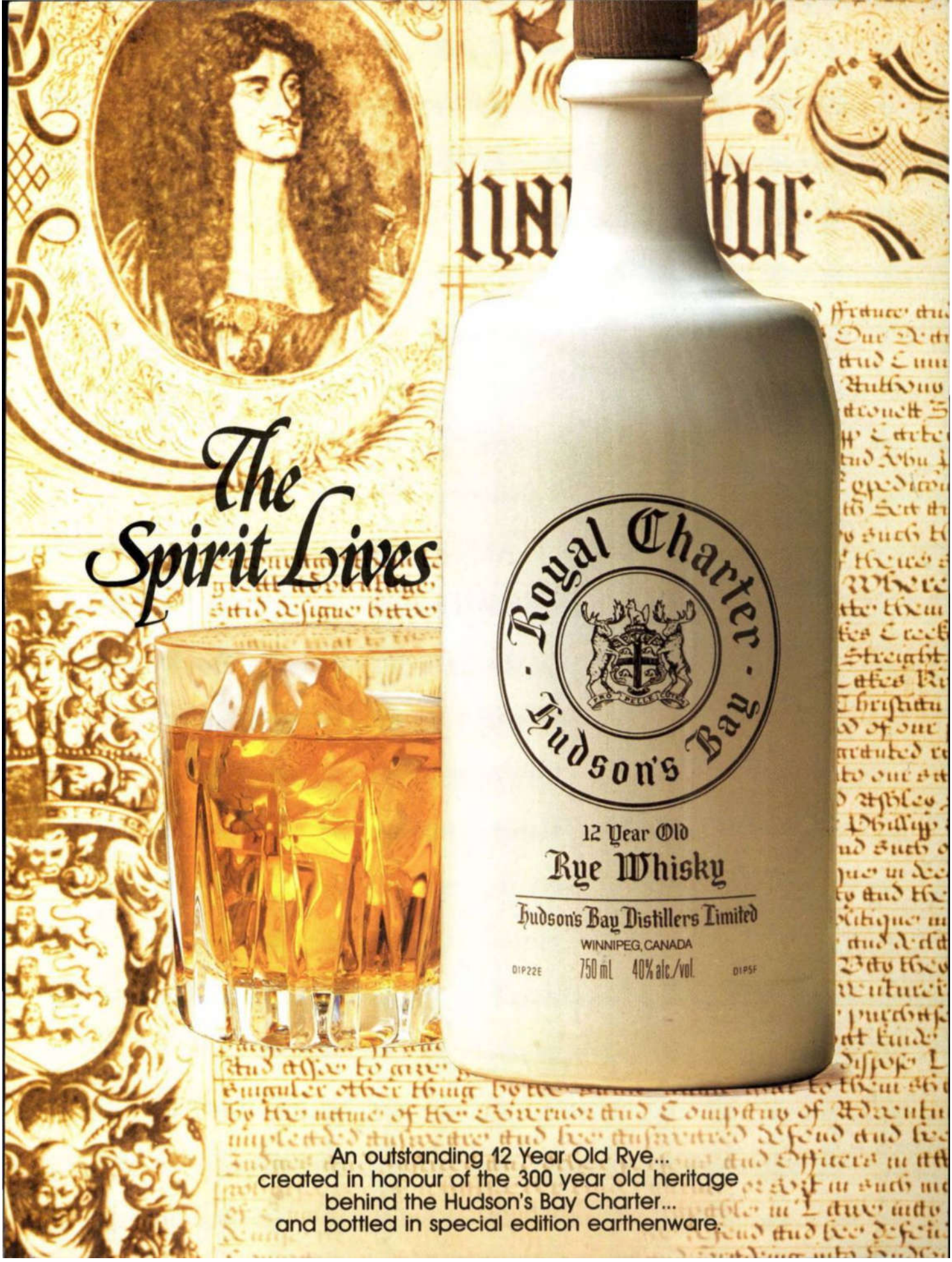
Name Street Apt. Expiry Date:

City Prov. P. Code Signature

Alumni Media, 124 Ava Road, Toronto, Ontario M6C 1W1 (416) 781-6661. HBC

Unconditional Money-Back Guarantee

If you are not satisfied, please return your purchase to us and your money will be returned *(less handling and postage)*.



An outstanding 12 Year Old Rye...
created in honour of the 300 year old heritage
behind the Hudson's Bay Charter...
and bottled in special edition earthenware.